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The Pacific.

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Contributions.

Correspondence from China.

HONGKONG, June 14, 1880.
EDITORS PACIFIC: It is the height of the rainy season here now, and a wet and destructive one it has proved. At Shanghai, 800 miles north, the waters have risen forty feet, we hear. At Foochow, this side, they suffer by the freshet. The whole valley—150 miles—of Canton river is submerged, and the entire crops destroyed by the floods of rain and overflow of the embankments. Great want of food must be the result. Seldom, if ever, have such excessive rains visited this coast. A large part of the city of Canton is now under water at high tide daily, and the visitor has to be transported by wading palanquin-bearers, in a manner far from comfortable. Think of a fall!

The 11th inst. I spent in Canton, where I was glad to meet Rev. Dr. R. R. Happer, my companion in medical study in 1843, at Philadelphia. Thirty-six years had passed since we parted in 1844. He came here single, to engage in his life-work. He has had uninterrupted good health all these years, and his labors have been immense. He soon quit the practice of medicine for direct and more congenial evangelical work. And in this he has not labored in vain. At communion on the 6th inst., 116 native members were present, 53 of them being women, and a large number were new communicants. The mission premises, after years of growth and waiting, are now ample—home, school, chapel and all under one roof, in the heart of the city, and the doctor no longer a solitary worker, but the father of six grown children, four daughters (two married here), and a son in the Chinese Customs service at Peking. Four or five other missionary families, in as many different parts of Canton, form the Presbyterian mission there. In fact, this is the chief Christian element at work in Canton. The A. B. C. F. M., I was sorry to find entirely withdrawn, and the missions of the M. E. Church, Baptists, Wesleyans, etc., are yet small. The French Catholics have just completed a beautiful cathedral for their use here. The idol-temples and pagodas are numerous, and some of them remarkable, as that of the 500 Buddhist Priests, the Mount Pagoda of Five Stories, the Temple of Horrors (Inferno of Chinese), and the pagoda of Nine Stories—but the most of them, like the old city walls (100 feet high), are now going to decay. So are the pagan rites. My visit occurred on the day of the "Dragon Feast"—fifth of fifth month—the next great festival after "New Years." But no public enthusiasm attended it. A few extra flags, shops closed, and fire-crackers, and one solitary "Dragon boat" on the river—this was all left of one of the proudest displays of heathenism! My guide, a Christian man, formerly of San Jose, Cal., smiled audibly at the change, and even laughed out in the idol temples as we threaded our way about among the kneeling worshippers, and peered into the very faces of sainted heroes devoutly honored there in their shrines.

"All who return from America are so changed," said the good doctor. "They are never content with China again. In habits, dress, economy, thinking, they are no longer Chinese. But we need more Christian laborers here by the thousands. In 1820 the churches sent to the Hawaiian Islands one to every thousand natives. Here we've not sent as yet one to a hundred thousand! China to-day is the great open, waiting world-field for missionary labor."

The Doctor spoke from his heart. I knew him well. A more manly, persistent and consistent foreign missionary, to my judgment, has never left our shores. Born in west Pennsylvania, of sturdy Scotch lineage, I was struck to see how he resembled the late Secretary E. M. Stanton, native of the same soil. As Ritter taught us: "Men of same race and clime do assimilate." The same keen dark eye, the same long, slender (once black as jet) beard, the same manly form and majestic tread in both, the same iron nerve and will for work, work! Such are the heroes of our current history, O Christian America!

In one aspect of the case, China leads the continent of Asia. Not only has she far more men than all the other Asiatic nations combined, but they are physically superior, man for man, to any others I have seen. In all the neighboring regions, too, they are by far the best laborers—most able-bodied, patient, reliable and skillful. The west of America and Cuba, southeast Asia and its islands, and Hawaii can attest this, after full trial. The God of nations is the God of Israel, and he alone inhabiteth the praises thereof. To Him alone belong all issues. In Him alone let us all and evermore rejoice and be glad! C. M. B.

Rev. J. L. Phillips of the Orissa mission, India, evidently is not alarmed because the new Governor-General, Lord Ripon, is a Roman Catholic. He says in a letter to the "Morning Star," "I should prefer a Christian Romanist to a godless Protestant for our chief ruler."

From Grass Valley.

GRASS VALLEY, CAL., Aug. 9, 1880.

DEAR BROTHER: The W. C. T. U. of this fine town, hearing that Miss Frances Willard, President of the National W. C. T. U., was traveling west, invited her to come to their aid in this busy mining town. But Miss Willard's duties prevented her coming farther than Salt Lake City. In her place came Mrs. J. D. Watson, widow of Judge Watson—who died in your city less than ten years ago I think—who first met the Good Templars in their hall, and afterward gave a series of lectures in the M. E. church and Hamilton Hall. She awakened great interest in the temperance cause by a relation of her marvelous rescue from the cruel thralldom of the degrading cup, and by telling us of Mr. George M. Dutcher, the "drinking man's friend," who rescued her after her six years' unsuccessful efforts to reform, and breaking pledges made on her knees before bishops of the Roman Catholic Church in America often, and as often breaking them; and even before Pope Pius IX in Rome, expecting that his hand on her head, and blessing, would miraculously destroy her cursed thirst. She only drank deadlier draughts, and planned suicide in Florence, Italy. Yet, in answer to prayers of her old colored servant and her own sweet daughter Maria, returning with her from Europe to Philadelphia, she was induced to hear Mr. Dutcher there, and from him take the pledge which, by divine grace, made her a "free woman," accepting Christ as her hope, her Lord and Savior. A miracle of grace she is. Hearing of Mr. Dutcher's work for 17 years in Eastern and Southern states and British provinces, and that he had begun a like good work in California, our ladies at once wrote, asking him to come from the coast to these foot-hills, to follow up Mrs. Watson's work. He came on Saturday, July 30th, and we have had the joy of entertaining him in Brother Parker's parsonage for eight days. His first address was in our Congregational pulpit on the morning of August 1st. The same evening our united congregations heard him in the M. E. church. There were some 800 present, who listened with thrilling interest to his urging appeals and personal experience. The five succeeding evenings he spoke in Hamilton Hall to crowded and enchanted audiences. Each evening crowds signed the pledge of entire abstinence. On Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon he spoke in the M. E. church—each time quite full.

RESULTS.

Most earnest prayer has gone up to God for the moderate drinkers and the temperate from all churches, that they cease to drink and be covenanted to God, believing what Christ said: "Without me ye can do nothing." With this feeling, the "Grass Valley Reform Club" was formed last week, embracing total abstinence from all intoxicants, as a drink. Rev. W. C. Powell, rector of the Episcopal church, is chosen President, and many honorable women, as well as noble men, are officers and on the Executive Committee. More than 400 names of members were given last week. Some of the saloon-keepers are already saying: "If this work goes on in this way long, we will get out of Grass Valley as soon as we can." To which the Club says: "Let them go, and God bless them, and incline them to a better business."

Mr. Dutcher hastened to Nevada City last evening to speak in the Methodist Episcopal church, before sleeping, to commence a like campaign against the poison, which he is determined to battle while God gives him strength to fight. God does now gloriously "cover his head in the day of battle." All philanthropists, patriots and Christians here say, "God speed him" as he goes hence, and pray he may lay like foundations for gospel triumphs in all towns and cities in California. The cordial union of all Christians here in sustaining Mr. Dutcher, by presence and prayers, is a charming fact. "United we stand, divided we fall." I was delighted that after Dr. Goodell's recent address in the dear Congregational Club of your city, the vote to invite brother D. L. Moody to San Francisco, for six months' labor was so unanimous. Great blessings in the near future, I am confident, are intended for this State. Let us humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God, and he will exalt us for his own name's sake. JEREMIAH PORTER.

Cloverdale, California.

Cloverdale is a quiet little town, at the terminus of the North Pacific Railroad. The traveler, passing through it, cannot but be impressed with its beauty as it is seen nestling among the mountains, which overshadow it on three sides.

The town of Cloverdale contains less than one thousand inhabitants, yet it is an important business centre, being the outlet of Mendocino and Lake Counties. The climate is probably as favorable and as enjoyable as that of any other place in California. There the sick are almost sure to find health. It is a town fully awake to the needs of the times, holding a place in the front ranks of education, and in the effort to make men morally and spiritually better. It contains several churches, the leading one being the Con-

gregational, which has made a decided advance during the past two years.

As this sketch is written in the interest of Congregationalism, a few words as to what has been done by this church since January, 1878, may perhaps not be out of place. At that date the church was without a pastor, and had scarcely courage enough to make an effort to obtain one. But through the kindness and energy of Dr. Warren, that want was supplied. The church property was in a most neglected condition. There was no fence around the church building, and the frame of a parsonage stood upon the ground. Want of means had brought all improvements to a standstill. Soon, however, a great change was seen. The ladies, ever first in good works, took the initiative, and in less than two months the parsonage, in value not less than a thousand dollars, was completed. Fences were built, and the grounds were improved and ornamented. But it is often the case that one improvement opens the way for others. Thus it has been with the Congregational church in Cloverdale.

The building was erected eight or ten years ago, and was but roughly finished at first. The interior was sadly in need of a thorough renewing. Paint and paper were in a wretched condition. Now all is new. As one enters the vestibule, he beholds before him a room with a sky-blue ceiling, and drab walls, a wainscoting neatly grained in black walnut, an imitation alcove behind the minister's desk, while as he advances into the room, he treads upon a beautiful carpet, which covers the whole floor.

All these things have been accomplished within the last two years, and the church property stands to-day, without a dollar of debt upon it. But this progress has not been exclusively temporal. Some spiritual gain has been secured, for within the time of which we are speaking, not less than twenty persons have been added to the church membership; one of that number, we are told, a most promising young man, being at present in the theological seminary in Oakland preparing for the ministry.

Paris Letter.

PARIS, FRANCE, July 26th, 1880.

The dead season, social and political, has set in with the hot weather, and Paris is once more deprived of its chief occupation—the daily study of politics as reproduced in the two Chambers. Ministers, Senators and Deputies have deserted their various spheres of usefulness in the capital and betaken themselves to the more genial atmosphere of country and seaside.

The Paris Congress of Working Men held on Sunday its first meeting, at which some startling Socialist doctrines were propounded. The assembly, composed of ninety-three representatives of the laboring classes, elected as honorary presidents, besides the inevitable Trinquet, the Citoyenne Louise Michel and Citizen Nourrit, a choice which sufficiently indicates the revolutionary tendencies of those present. The meeting began its proceedings by unanimously declaring itself "Collectivist Revolutionary," that is, resolved to take by force and to divide factories, fields, machinery and capital. Such a comprehensive programme naturally demands the most energetic efforts to accomplish its fulfillment, and several of the reports presented by various delegates were quite worthy of their object. One and all dwelt on the so-called deplorable condition of the working man, and suggested more or less violent means for readjusting the balance between labor and capital, usually consisting of a forcible seizure of capital for the benefit of labor. One son of toil advocated a general arming of the people, the equality of salary between male and female workers, and a compulsory rest on Monday. All the reports predicted something terrible as being in store for all hostile to the interest of the laboring classes. Such sentiments as are here expressed do not emanate from the working men themselves, but from the class of scheming agitators who are always endeavoring to turn the susceptibilities of the laboring population to their own benefit.

The committee for erecting a statue to Rouget de l'Isle, the author of the "Marseillaise," have issued a stirring appeal to the French nation to aid them in their object. They remind the people of the services rendered to the cause of France by the great revolutionary hymn; how one general in command of the Republican armies wrote after a battle, "We were one against ten, but the 'Marseillaise' was on our side;" and how another, asking for reinforcements, wrote, "Send me a thousand men and a copy of the 'Marseillaise.'" The appeal is signed by a large number of Deputies, members of the committee.

We copy the following from the *Christian Weekly*, a paper which is usually reliable in its statements: "During the past year the deposits in the Irish Savings Banks have increased in six of the eight famine counties and diminished in two. This is a surprising statement. If it is true, it shows that the American people and the world have been grievously swindled. If it is false, it should be contradicted."

Thurlof Weed on Ingersoll.

CHRISTIANITY AND INFIDELITY AS UNDERSTOOD BY THE VETERAN JOURNALIST.

The following letter from Mr. Weed appears in the New York Herald:

Men entertaining infidel opinions for the last twenty or more years, and until the appearance of Robert G. Ingersoll, have seldom obtruded themselves upon the public. There is nothing in the manner or matter of modern divines either to provoke or invite antagonism. Clergymen do not, as formerly, dwell and linger upon the dark features of theology. Nothing is now heard of the fate of "infants not a span long." The ministry of our day is a ministry of peace, charity and good will. This generation learns to love and serve rather than to dread and distrust our Creator and Savior. Whatever grounds existed formerly to tempt scoffers and revilers, the religion of our time disarms and silences unprejudiced criticism.

Colonel Ingersoll, whom I know, has the reputation of being a gentleman of education, with a well-stored mind and attractive personal manners, who speaks fluently and eloquently. A man thus gifted can do much good, but much more evil according to the principles espoused and the line of conduct marked out for himself. Colonel Ingersoll, it seems, upon the entrance to active life, chose the left instead of the right pathway, and becomes a reviler of, instead of a believer in, a religion which has been making the world wiser, better and happier for almost nineteen centuries. Without questioning Colonel Ingersoll's sincerity or impugning his motives, I am persuaded that if half the time expended in fortifying himself with arguments had been devoted to an intelligent and impartial consideration of the evidences establishing its truths, the country would have had, instead of a reviler, a gifted follower of Him whose missions, labors and character, viewed merely from a worldly standpoint, inspire admiration, affection and gratitude. Is it not, therefore, painful to see men, richly endowed, perverting their gifts, misusing their talents in presumptuous reviling and ribald jesting against a Creator and a Savior from whom every bounty and blessing emanate?

No act of the Savior's life and no word he ever uttered has been or can be construed or tortured into hostility to the welfare and happiness of every member of the human family. Human laws are founded upon the divine law. All that concerns our happiness here and hopes of happiness hereafter is derived from the Scriptures. On the other hand, what has infidelity done for us? Who profits by its teachings? After depriving its followers of their belief in a future, how does it compensate them? What does it offer in exchange for a life of immortality? If for example, Colonel Ingersoll should be summoned to the bedside of a dying friend or relative, what words of comfort or of hope could he offer? Of what service could he be to that stricken friend? Would he aggravate the sufferings of one whose last hours need soothing, by telling him there was nothing but the cold, dark grave awaiting him?

This cruel theory is repelled not only by revelation, but by the laws of nature. Nature is instinct with evidences and confirmations of the truth of revelation. The vegetable and floral world only die to live again. The products of the earth live and die annually. The buried acorn reproduces the living oak. And yet infidelity insists that man, the image of the Creator, wonderfully endowed and gifted, under whose auspices the world has been enlightened, elevated and adorned, is after a brief existence, to be as though he had never been. Contrast the labors of Voltaire and Paine with those of John Wesley. Can it be said with truth that the former two made any one better or happier? Hundreds of thousands of the followers of John Wesley have lived and died, and other hundreds of thousands survive, rejoicing in their conversion from a sinful to a Christian life. The memory of Wesley is everywhere cherished by the good and the pure, while Voltaire and Paine are only remembered for the evil, rather than for good they did.

If it be urged that the promises of the Savior have not all been realized, that sin still abounds, and that the world is as bad as ever, it may be answered that religion is working out its mission; that its benign influences are constantly extending, and that light is radiating into the darkest recesses of heathenism and idolatry. It requires no argument to demonstrate the fact that our race is improved by civilization, or that civilization owes its origin and progress to religion. To religious influences we are indebted for all the reforms which benefit society. Our Sunday-schools were instituted in obedience to a divine command. In these schools children are taught, "without money and without price," all that concerns their present welfare and their future happiness. These intellectual nurseries have enriched and fertilized, every city, village, hamlet and household throughout the Christian world. If religion had done nothing more than to bless our race with the consecrating influences of the Sunday-schools, scoffers should be shamed into silence.

WHAT RELIGION HAS DONE FOR NEW YORK.

Our city furnishes many examples of the beneficence of religion. Forty years ago a locality too well known as the "Five Points," with a population of several thousand, was the home of the vilest of the vile, and the resort of others equally debased. Men, women and children of all nationalities and colors herded together, differing only in the degree of crime and the depths of profligacy habitually practiced. Their days were passed in either idleness or depredations. Their nights were spent in dance-house debaucheries. All healthy or wholesome influences were excluded. Children grew up to be either street beggars or inmates of the almshouse, and their parents filled penitentiaries and prisons. These orgies continued year after year, defiant and aggressive, until that pandemonium was invaded by Christian men and women, whose patience would not tire, whose courage was indomitable and whose devotion has been rewarded by a moral and religious reformation so complete that no part of our city is now more quiet and orderly than the once dreaded "Five Points." Thousands of children then growing up either vagabonds or culprits are now attending schools, in which they are stimulated by precept and example to live industrious and virtuous lives. Instead of sending forth idle, ignorant and vicious children to prey upon society, the destitute and orphan children of the "Five Points," prepared for usefulness by moral and religious training, find happy homes in our rapidly developing Western States and Territories.

Again, eight years ago. Water street and its surroundings eastward from Peck slip had a notoriety almost as unenviable as that of "Five Points." That region was rife with drunkenness, burglaries, pugilism and their kindred vices. Jerry McAuley was conspicuous in all that was wicked and demoralizing. He had the reputation of being a terror to the precinct, a reputation which, by his own confession, was deserved. But this disturber of the public peace was converted, and then he resolved to devote the remainder of his life to the service of his Master, and with a faithful, affectionate wife as a helper, he has abundantly atoned for all his offenses. For a long time the hisses and howlings of his former associates seriously disturbed his meetings, but courage, perseverance and patience finally prevailed, and his work now progresses without interruption. The general character of the neighborhood has been improved; its social and moral tone and atmosphere have been purified. Sailors' boarding-houses have been reformed. Sailors now carry their Bibles with them to sea. Moody and Sankey hymns are sung in forecables. Hundreds of half-naked and hungry wives and children, by the conversion of drunken husbands and fathers, now rejoice in comfortable and happy homes. The Mission Church is crowded every Sunday with intelligent Christian men and women who, rescued from gutter and gutters, are now reputable citizens, enjoying the fruits of their industry, and realizing with grateful hearts the miseries of the past, the joys of the present, and the hopes of the future. By all "who went to scoff, but remained to pray," Jerry McAuley and his exemplary wife are regarded with affection, and will be remembered with gratitude.

Let us contrast the labors of the two prominent contemporary teachers—one, Mr. Moody, a Christian, and the other, Mr. Ingersoll, an infidel missionary. Mr. Moody is self-made and self-educated. Mr. Ingersoll is a gentleman of education, culture and refinement. That Mr. Moody's labors have been in the highest degree beneficial to all classes will not be denied. The highest and the humblest listened with charmed interest, and all left the tabernacle better and happier. The general effect both of his preaching, supplemented by the never-to-be-forgotten voice of Mr. Sankey, cleared, braced and purified the religious, moral and social atmosphere of the city. The labors of Moody and Sankey were practical. They not only asked, "What shall the harvest be?" but they obtained in their inquiry-rooms gratifying responses to their questions. Hundreds of drunkards were reclaimed, gamblers and prize-fighters were converted. Destitute wives and children and desolate homes have been made happy and bright by the rescue and return of reformed husbands and fathers. Long and gratefully will the advent of Moody and Sankey be remembered. The city is still fragrant with Tabernacle memories. Mr. Moody is turning the result of his labors to good account. The Moody and Sankey hymns, well known to the Christian world, are now sung by native converts in the interior of Africa. The sale of these hymn books produces a handsome fund, which Mr. Moody devotes to missionary purposes. At his home in Northfield, Mass., he has erected a suitable building for a mission school and home for Indian girls, some fifty of whom from the far West have already been received. Mr. Moody, therefore, has taken up and will carry on the good work so auspiciously commenced by the late Father De Smet. And now I invite Mr. Ingersoll or any of his followers to inform the public how and to what extent they have profited by his missionary labors in this city, what salutary reforms he has inaugurated or even suggested, or in

what manner and to what extent has he contributed to the general welfare or happiness of his fellow citizens.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

Conducted by a committee: Sarah Edwards Henshaw and Kate Kellogg.

From Santa Barbara.

Although the letter was not written for the Column, we make bold to quote it, in part. It was read at the August meeting, and it did everybody so much good. There is a great deal of help and encouragement in expressed sympathy and interest. What shall it profit a Woman's Board if its auxiliaries feel these things, but make no sign, in word or deed, of what they feel? We know that much is written to the secretaries which does not fall under the eye of the Column; but we wish that, occasionally, something special might be sent to THE PACIFIC. One week in every month is devoted to news from our auxiliaries. It really should be the very best week of all. Will not auxiliaries try in future to make it so? The plan for the quilt referred to in the letter below, is so well understood that no explanation of it is necessary. How are the squares coming on elsewhere? The letter says:

"In our pleasant missionary meeting of Friday, I was asked as the secretary of the society, to report to you upon the subject of the bed-quilt, in which matter we have been moving as the result of your kind letter."

"One lady has already the names sufficient to fill out one block. We shall send you the names of two, probably three—as many, you may depend, as is possible. The report in the Column of your meeting in San Francisco has also stirred us up."

"A lady friend of one of your members has written to make still further inquiries, and we hope that a box of articles, which we mean speedily to prepare, will be possibly only a little help, and yet something toward the fund."

"We are deeply interested; are having splendid meetings, and only wish our purses were as full of money as our hearts are of love and willingness to do."

"Last September a piece of patch-work, carefully basted and ready for sewing, was offered to our society by a very old lady, Mrs. Mary Sawyer. She is unable to attend any meetings, but sits quietly at home, and does what she can. She wishes any disposal made of the article which would aid our missionaries. We shall endeavor to have her do something, however little it may be, for our box."

"With Christian greeting I am yours very truly in the bonds of a Savior's love."

A. R. H.

"Santa Barbara, July 24th, 1880."

Some friend has sent us a copy of the sixteenth report of the Trustees of the City Hospital of Boston, for the year 1879-80. This is the summary:

"The number of patients in the Hospital during the year was 4,298, and they were under treatment an average of 23.20 days each, making a total of 99,580 days, or 14,225.5 weeks. The entire cost of maintaining the Hospital during the year, including every expenditure, excepting the cost of additions and reconstruction of buildings, was at the rate of \$8,261 per week, \$117,588.37. But of the patients enumerated above, 297 paid for 1,053 and five-sevenths week's board, \$8,366.11. Leaving the sum of \$109,222.26, as the cost to the city of treating 4,001 non-paying patients, for a total of 13,072 weeks, which is at the rate of \$8.43 per week."

Thanks are returned thus:

"The Clergy as heretofore, have given many hours of ministration to the sick and dying. The thanks of the Board are due to the many friends of the Hospital who have aided the management by contributing flowers, pictures, and reading matter, and whose personal visitations have brought comfort and consolation to the weary hours of the sick. Such tokens are matters of annual recognition, but are always worthy of mention, not only on account of the generous impulses that prompt the acts, but also for the unspeakable good to the sick and dying."

Among the rules of the House are these: (We fear they would not all be enforced on this coast.)

"Patients may be visited by clergymen of their own selection, and, where there is a wish for the performance of any particular religious rite, it shall be indulged, when practicable. The use of tobacco, wine and intoxicating liquors is prohibited within the Hospital, unless prescribed by a physician. Profane or obscene language, loud talking and incivility, are prohibited."

The *Whitcomb Review*, noting Col. Ingersoll's blasphemous boast that he has defied the Almighty for years and has never been harmed by him, is reminded of the withering reply of a clergyman to an English skeptic who was indulging in a similar style of bravado: "You forget, Tom, that the Almighty is capable of infinite contempt as well as of infinite justice."

Home Circle.

THE SUPREMACY OF CHRIST.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

O North, with all thy vales of green!
O South, with all thy palms!
From peopled towns and fields between,
Uplift the voice of psalms,
Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well beloved Son;
He brings a train of brighter years;
His kingdom is begun.
He comes a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth and righteousness.

O Father! haste the promised hour,
When at His feet shall lie
All rule, authority and power,
Beneath the ample sky;
When He shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul.

When all shall heed the words He said,
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life he led
Shall strive to pattern theirs;
And he who conquers death shall win
The mightier conquest over sin.

The Fountain of Life and Light.

In one of my early journeys in Africa, I came, with my companions, to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River. We had traveled far, and were hungry, thirsty, and fatigued; but the people of the village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water, but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four remaining buttons left on my jacket for a little milk, and was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night, at a distance from water, though within sight of the river. When twilight drew on, a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips, she handed to us, laid down the wood, and returned to the village. A second time she approached, with a cooking vessel on her head, and a leg of mutton in one hand and water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent till affectionately entreated to give us a reason for such unlooked for kindness to strangers. Then the tears stole down her sable cheeks, and she replied, "I love Him whose servants you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in his name. My heart is full, therefore I can not speak the joy I feel to see you in this out-of-the-world place." On learning a little of her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked her how she kept the light of God in her soul in the entire absence of the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament, which she had received from Mr. Helm when in his school, some years before. "This," said she, "is the fountain whence I drink; this is the oil which makes my lamp to burn." I looked on the precious relic, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the reader may conceive my joy while we mingled our prayers and sympathies together at the throne of our Heavenly Father.—*Moffat.*

Hunting for Amos.

The lesson-paper is a fine thing, and useful in its way. There is but one objection to its use, and that objection arises from having the Scripture words of the lesson printed in it. At first thought this may seem an advantage. But its disadvantage is that the children form the habit of going without their Bibles, and depending entirely upon the lesson-paper for all the words of Scripture which they use. Look at a queer instance of the way in which this leads to the neglect of the Book itself. A few weeks ago, when the lesson was in the fifth chapter of Amos, a well-known Brooklyn clergyman announced that chapter to be read at family prayers. It is his custom to read, while each member of his somewhat numerous family, provided with a copy of the Scriptures, looks over the passage. The minor prophets are proverbially hard to find, and the children of the dominion, who are pretty good at finding the ordinarily used books of the Bible, had no work in turning to Amos. He, seeing their lack of handiness with Amos, at once offered a cash prize to the first one who should find the chapter, but qualified his offer by saying that it would be good only for five minutes. There was a lively fumbling through the pages. Presently one of the children bethought herself to look at the index. This brought about a successful result in four minutes and forty seconds from the time of the offer of the prize, and she won the cash. The others, however, who had not thought of referring to the index, chided in with a chorus of "Oh, that wasn't fair! Anybody could have done that!" Perhaps the hint may not be lost on some families who think they make good use of the Bible.

Another instance. The same dominion was once addressing the Sunday-school of a \$250,000 church, an eminently respectable concern, which prided itself largely on its diligent study of the catechism. Here, if anywhere, he thought, he ought to find thorough acquaintance with the Scripture. He had occasion to refer to Habakkuk, iii: 18, and asked the children to turn to the verse, the first one finding it to read it aloud. There was a wondrous and protracted fumbling through both Old Testament and New. The scholars looked as if they would like the speaker to relieve them by reading it himself. The teachers sat in solemn dignity, not trying to find it, for reasons best known to themselves. The dominion let all hands take their time. After some delay, a small lad held up his hand in token of having discovered the place, and was told to read it. He read, "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich," etc.

An audible smile pervaded the assembly when it was made manifest that the nearest approach in that whole school to finding Habakkuk was to find a passage in the Book of Revelation!—*Christian at Work.*

A Triumph of Eloquence.

On the morning after the assassination of President Lincoln, a crowd of many thousand people gathered in and around the Wall street exchange at New York, to give expression to their sentiments. Speeches were made by General Butler and Daniel S. Dickinson, which worked the crowd into a frenzy. Two men lay bleeding on one of the side streets, the one dead, and the other next to dying, one on the pavement, the other in the gutter. They had said a moment before that "Lincoln ought to have been shot long ago!" They were not allowed to say it again! Soon two long pieces of scantling stood out above the heads of the crowd, crossed at the top like the letter X, and a loop half pendant from the junction, a dozen men following its slow motion through the masses, while "Vengeance!" was the cry. On the right suddenly the cry rose: "The World! The World! The World! World!" and a movement of perhaps 8,000 or 10,000, turning their faces in the direction of that building, began to be executed. It was a critical moment. What might come in no one could tell, did that crowd get in front of that office. Police or military would have availed little, or been too late. A telegram had just been received from Washington, "Seward is dying." Just then, at that juncture, a man stepped forward with a small flag in his hand, and beckoned to the crowd.

"Another telegram from Washington!" and then, in the awful stillness of the crisis, taking advantage of the hesitation of the crowd, whose steps had been arrested a moment, a right arm was lifted skyward, and a voice clear and steady, loud and distinct, spoke out: "Fellow-citizens! Clouds and darkness are around about him! His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne! Mercy and truth shall go before Him! Fellow-citizens! God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!" The effect was tremendous. The crowd stood riveted to the ground in awe, gazing at the motionless orator, and thinking of God and the security of the Government in that hour. As the boiling wave subsides and settles to the sea when some strong wind beats it down, so the tumult of the people sank and became still. All took it as a divine omen. It was a triumph of eloquence inspired by the moment, such as falls but to one man's lot, and that but once in a century. The genius of Webster, Choate, Everett, Seward, never reached it. Demosthenes never equaled it. What might have happened had the surging and maddened mob been let loose, none can tell. The man for the crisis was on the spot, more potent than Napoleon's guns at Paris. Some one inquired what was his name. The answer came in a low whisper. "It is General Garfield of Ohio!"—*Springfield Republican.*

Our Greatest Cities.

Ten years ago there were but two cities in the country which had more than half a million inhabitants each, and but four which had three hundred thousand and upwards. There are now four of the former class, Chicago having found, after much counting, that she just passes half a million; and there are seven whose population exceeds three hundred thousand.

There have been several changes in the relative position of the cities which stand at the head of the list. New York is first, Philadelphia second, and Brooklyn third, as in 1870. But Chicago passes St. Louis, and becomes fourth; Boston passes Baltimore, and becomes sixth; Cincinnati is eighth, as before; Pittsburgh, having taken in Allegheny, passes both San Francisco and New Orleans, and is ninth; San Francisco takes tenth rank; and New Orleans, which was ninth, is crowded back to the eleventh position.

These eleven are all the cities in the United States which have more than two hundred thousand inhabitants each. In 1870 the total population of the eleven was three millions, eight hundred and thirty-six thousand, five hundred and twenty; it is now almost exactly five millions, one hundred thousand. This is an increase of very nearly one-third, which is an enormously heavy rate. The highest rate of increase was that of Chicago, the lowest that of New Orleans.

If the average rate of increase of these eleven cities were maintained throughout the country, the population of the United States would be about fifty-two millions. This, however, is largely in excess of the fact. In accordance with a very ancient tendency of man, which is always to be resisted as far as possible, population floods to the cities, and their growth is much more rapid than the increase of population in the rural districts.

In 1870 the eleven cities we have named contained very nearly one-tenth of the total population of the country. In 1880 it will be found that they contain more than one-tenth. If their growth should be equally great in the next decade, they will in 1890 hold more than one-tenth of the whole population.

There are just twenty cities of the United States which report a population of more than one hundred thousand. These are—in addition to the eleven already named—Washington, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Newark, Buffalo, Detroit, Jersey City, Louisville and Providence. No country of the globe has a larger number of cities of this class than the United States. There are as many in Great Britain and Ireland, fourteen in Germany, and nine only in France.

New York State has three of these cities, which is the largest number in any

State of the Union. There are two in New Jersey, and the same number in Pennsylvania and in Ohio, but no other State has more than one. Fifteen of them are in the North, and five in the South, counting Washington as a Southern city.—*Youth's Companion.*

Gathered Treasures.

If you tell your troubles to God, you put them into the grave; they will never rise again when you have committed them to him. If you roll your burden anywhere else, it will roll back again, like the stone of Sisyphus.—*Spurgeon.*

The creation of saints out of sinners is the demonstration whereby the divinity of the Gospel is most shortly and most convincingly displayed. Of all the Christian evidences it alone proves that our religion does save us from sin.—*Arthur.*

The union of matter and form makes a body; The union of body and soul together makes a man; and the union of man and Christ makes a Christian, and sap from this root makes a growing one.—*Ralph Erskine.*

The faithful Christian is mighty in unconscious power. His soul, as it gravitates towards God, impresses those with whom he may have to do. The silent life, the godly walk, the steadfast faith, the single-hearted service of a Christian man, is more potent than the strife and babble of many a noisy tongue, that only proclaims the emptiness of the heart from which it speaks.—*Christian Advocate, (Nashville.)*

If Christians would consider how little, and for how little awhile they are concerned in any thing here, they would go through any state, and any change of state, either to the better or to the worse, with very composed, equal minds, always moderate in their necessary cares, and never taking any care at all for the flesh to fulfill the lusts of it.—*Leighton.*

As the sweetest things put into our vessels sour them, or put into a bitter vessel embitter them, so murmuring puts gall and wormwood into every cup of mercy that God gives into our hands. The murmurer writes Marah upon all his mercies, and reads and tastes bitterness in them all. As to the hungry soul, every bitter thing is sweet, so to the murmuring soul, every sweet thing is bitter.—*Thomas Brooks.*

Humility is perpetual quietness of heart. It is to have no trouble. It is never to be fretted or vexed or disappointed. It is to expect nothing; to feel nothing done against me. It is to be at rest when nobody praises me, and when I am blamed and despised. It is to have a blessed home in myself, where I can go in and shut the door, and kneel to my Father in secret, and am at peace as in a deep sea of calmness. Let us bear in mind that "Whoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

Let them have no better home than this world to lay claim to, live here as at home, and serve their lusts; they that have all their portion in this life, no more good to look for than what they can catch here, let them take their time of the poor profits and pleasures that are here. But you that have your whole estate, all your riches and pleasures laid up in heaven, and reserved there for you, let your hearts be there, and your conversation be there. This is not the place for your rest, or your delights, unless you would be willing to change, and have your good things here, as some foolish travelers, that spend the estate they should live at home in, in a little while's braving it abroad among strangers. Will you, like profane Esau, sell your birthright for a mess of pottage, sell eternity for a moment, and such pleasures as a moment of time is more worth than an eternity of others?—*Leighton.*

The Apostate's Creed.

I believe in the chaotic Nebula, self-existent Evolver of heaven and earth, and in the differentiation of its original homogeneous Mass, its first-begotten Product, which was self-formed into separate worlds; divided into land and water; self-organized into plants and animals; reproduced in like species; further developed into higher orders; and finally refined, rationalized and perfected in Man. He descended from the Monkey, ascended to the Philosopher, and sitteth down in the rights and customs of Civilization, under the laws of a developing Sociology. From thence he shall come again, by the disintegration of the culminated Heterogeneousness back to the original Homogeneousness of Chaos.

I believe in the wholly impersonal Absolute, the wholly un-Catholic Church, the Disunion of Saints, the survival of the Fittest, the Persistence of Force, the Dispersion of the Body, and in death everlasting.—*Independent.*

Think a Minute First.

Apologies of the saying of the little ones, I am reminded of an incident which touched me very much at the time, and may find a responsive chord in the hearts of some who are parents. I was sitting on my porch on a pleasant morning, when up runs little Belle, intent on a visit to a little playmate across the way. "Papa," she asks, "may I go over and play with Carrie awhile?" and then, as if she seemed to discern a dissent in my face, she put her little rosebud lips close to mine and quickly added, "Please don't say no; think a minute first." Was there ever a more charming protest against a hasty and inconsiderate answer. Of course, the little girl had her wish. We are, perhaps, all too ready, thoughtlessly, to deny many of the little ones things that seem trifling to us, but are every thing to them. And when their little appeals come, before letting the "no" rise too quickly to our lips, let us think a minute.—*Harper's Magazine.*

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Miscellany.

Conversion as Related in Hymns.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

We have sometimes been asked to make selections of hymns and their histories for a praise-meeting exercise, it has occurred to us that those hymns which refer to the conversion or early religious experience of their writers are quite numerous, and their histories interesting, and that an exercise consisting of these alone might be profitable, as it would clearly illustrate the nature of renewing grace.

We think of twelve hymns, enough for such a service, that record or refer to their writer's religious experience, and show how the seeking soul is brought to the knowledge of Christ. They are:

1. Far from the world, O Lord, I flee.—*Corpey*.
2. How lost was my condition.—*Newton*.
3. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing.—*Wesley*.
4. How happy are they.—*Wesley*.
5. People of the living God.—*Montgomery*.
6. Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone.—*Connel*.
7. My hope is built on nothing else.—*Mote*.
8. The God of Abraham praise.—*Olivers*.
9. Awakened by Sinai's awful sound.—*Oecum.*
10. Jesus, my cross have taken.—*Lytle*.
11. O land of rest, for thee I sigh.—*Mills*.
12. I heard the voice of Jesus say.—*Bonar*.

The first of these is an appropriate beginning for a praise service, the eleventh and the last are well adapted to the close.

The experiences of the religious poets are not more remarkable than other classes of Christian workers, but the records of them in verses, like David's transcriptions of his spiritual joys, furnish a clear insight of the nature and power of revealed truth. Nearly all of the favorite hymn-writers have told the story of their conversion in verse. A volume of poems might be collected from the pens of those who have recorded, like David in the twenty-third psalm, the earliest joys of spiritual life in the soul.

The hour in which Cowper was made conscious of his acceptance by God was a luminous one, and he has left us glowing pictures of emotions, both in prose and in verse. In prose he thus tells the story:

"The happy period which was to shake off my fetters and afford me a clear opening of the free mercy of God in Christ Jesus was now arrived. I flung myself into a chair near the window, and seeing a Bible there ventured once more to apply to it for comfort and instruction. The first verse I saw was the twenty-fifth of the third chapter of Romans: 'Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God.' Immediately I received strength to believe, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon me. I saw the sufficiency of the atonement he had made, my pardon sealed in his blood, and all the fullness and completeness of his justification. In a moment I believed and received the Gospel."

Nothing in Cowper's history is so interesting as this. The period of religious trust that followed this spiritual light is minutely described by the poet's biographers in association with his residence in the quiet English towns of Huntingdon and Olney. But no pen has equalled his own portrayal of it in his hymns, "How blest thy creature is, O Lord," and "Far from the world, O Lord, I flee."

John Newton, the faithful rector of Olney church, the friend of Cowper, and the composer of many of the so-called "Olney" hymns, was a blasphemer in his early years, a part of which were spent in the African slave-trade. He has related his conversion in a hymn beginning,

"How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole."

The last stanzas are as follows:
"At length, this great Physician—
How matchless is his grace!—
Accepted my petition.
And undertook my case;
First gave me sight to view him—
For sin my eyes had sealed—
Then bade me look unto him:
I looked, and I was healed."

"A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death:
Come, then, to this Physician;
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition;
'Tis only, Look and live."

Charles Wesley, the sweet singer of the great English revivals, in the latter part of the last century, preached the Word of God before he had experienced its power in regeneration. By reading the Life of Haliburton "he was greatly stirred up to pray for the great blessing, and obtained salvation of the Lord." He thus relates his experience, in a hymn written to commemorate the event:

"Oh for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!"

"Jesus—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis in the sinners' ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace."

"He breaks the power of cancel'd sin,
And sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avails for me."

In another familiar hymn, once very popular, both in England and America, beginning "How happy are they," he describes the same event with almost ecstatic fervor:

"Oh, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Savior possessed,
I was perfectly blest.
As if filled with the fullness of God."

"What a mercy is this!
What a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably favored am I!
Gathered into the fold,
With believers enrolled,
With believers to live and to die."

"Now my remnant of days
Will I spend to his praise
Who hath died my poor soul to redeem;
Whether many or few,
All my years are his due;
May they all be devoted to him!"

James Montgomery thus tells his story of spiritual wandering and return, in a hymn written on being admitted into the Moravian congregation at Fulneck:

"People of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns a fugitive unblest—
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh receive me into rest!"

John Cennick was a native of Reading, England. He had warm, susceptible feelings, was easily influenced, and his early years were much spent with profitless companions. But his conscience became ill at ease. "One day," he says, "while walking hastily in Cheapside, London, the hand of the Lord touched me, and I at once felt an uncommon fear and dejection." He became alarmed about his soul, an anxious concern that continued two years. He prayed almost unceasingly, and often fasted until his strength was reduced.

One day, while thus tried and brought almost to the verge of despair, he met with these words, "I am thy salvation." The veil of darkness lifted, and his soul rejoiced in inexpressible light. He related this experience in the hymn beginning, "Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone:"

"The more I strove against his power
I felt the weight of guilt the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
'Come hither, soul, I am the way.'"

Similar to this experience was that of Edward Mote. His father and mother were not Christians, but he was led to an interest in religion in his youth. He heard one of England's most persuasive ministers, John Hyatt, preach at Tottenham Court Chapel. "I was totally ignorant of religion," he says, "when I entered that house of worship." He now desired to become a Christian, but he wandered in darkness two years before he accepted Christ as the light of his soul. Then, on Good Friday, he went into a great London church to hear a spiritual-minded minister from Birmingham preach. The minister's text was "The Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all."

"Upon Him." The youth saw the gospel in a new light, and rejoiced that Christ had borne his sins, and become his salvation. This experience he afterwards related in the hymn beginning,

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness.
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand—
All other ground is sinking sand."

Thomas Olivers was born in Montgomeryshire, England, 1725. He was early left an orphan. The parish where he lived was in a shocking state of immorality, and he learned all of its vices. He was regarded as the "worst boy in all the country round." He at last went to Bristol, and learning that Mr. Whitefield was to preach in the place, he determined to hear him. Southey, in his "Life of Wesley," gives a vivid view of the effect of the sermon upon the young prodigal. The text was, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"

"When the sermon began," says this fiery-minded Welshman, "I was certainly a dreadful enemy to God, and to all that is good; and one of the most profligate and abandoned young men living." Before it was ended he became a new creature; a clear view of redemption was set before him, and his own conscience gave him clear conviction of its necessity. The heart, he says, was broken; nor could he express the strong desires which he felt for righteousness. They led him to effectual resolutions; he broke off all his evil practices, forsook all his wicked companions, and gave himself up with all his heart to God. He was now almost incessantly in tears; he was constant in attending worship, wherever it was going on; and describes his feelings during a *Te Deum* at the cathedral as if he had done with earth, and was praising God before his throne. He bought the "Week's Preparation," and read it upon his knees day and night; and so constant was he in prayer, and in this position, that his knees became stiff, and he was actually, for a time, lame in consequence.

"So earnest was I," he says, "that I used, by the hour together, to wrestle with all the might of my body and soul, till I almost expected to die on the spot. What with bitter cries, unknown by any but God and myself, together with torrents of tears, which were almost continually trickling down my cheeks, my throat was often dried up, as David says, and my eyes literally failed, while I waited for God!"

This narrative, which is abridged from Southey's Life of Wesley, may be fitly closed by Olivers' own hymn, in which he expresses his religious joys after a ripe experience:

"The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above:
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah, great I Am!
By earth and heaven confessed,
I bow and bless the sacred name,
Forever blest."

"The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand;
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower."

Rev. Samson Occum, one of the Mohicans, was born in Connecticut, in the early part of the last century, and died in New Stockbridge, New York, in 1792. He was converted in early life, and was the first Indian pupil educated by Rev. Mr. Wheelock, in whose family he remained four years. He was ordained in 1759, and became a missionary to the Indian tribes. He was the Indian White-

field, and going to England, he there preached to immense audiences. His conversion to him was the glorious event of his life, and he thus told the story of it in verse:

"Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
And knew not what to do:
Overwhelmed in sin, with anguish slain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink in endless woe."

"Amazed I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near:
I strove, indeed, but strove in vain:
'The sinner must be born again'
Still sounded in my ear."

"When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head;
No relief could find;
This fearful truth increased my pain;
'The sinner must be born again'
O'erwhelmed my tortured mind."

"Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast, unwieldy load;
Alas! I read, and saw it plain;
'The sinner must be born again,'
Or drink the wrath of God."

"The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet, when I found this truth plain,
'The sinner must be born again,'
I sank in deep despair."

"But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Nazareth passed that way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love."

In 1818 a young clergyman was called to the bedside of a popular preacher who was dying, "I am about to die," said the latter, and I am *unprepared*." The two ministers read the Bible together and prayed, and the invalid died in peace. The young minister was Henry Francis Lytle, author of "Jesus, I my cross have taken," and "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide." He resolved to devote his life so entirely to the service of Christ that death would find him prepared. He has told the story of his conversion in the following poem:

"Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;
Far did I rove and found no certain home,
At last I sought them in his sheltering breast,
Who opens his arms and bids the weary come."

With him I found a home, a rest divine;
And I since then am his, and he is mine,
Yes, he is mine! and nought of earthly things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth or power,

"The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forget his love an hour;
Go, worthless world, I cry, with all that's thine!
Go! I my Saviour's am and he is mine!"

The good I have is from his stores supplied;
The ill is only what he deems the best;
He for my friend, I'm rich with nought beside.
And poor without him, though of all possessed,

Changes may come; I take or I resign;
Content while I am his, while he is mine."
He relinquished society that incites ambition, and went to the wild coast of Devon that he might labor among the sailors. His experience is told in a hymn beginning, "Jesus, I my cross have taken." At the age of twenty-eight, while reaping a harvest from his work among sailors, his health failed. He wrote, "Abide with me," after administering the communion for the last time. He died at Nice soon after. Death found him prepared.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills (1805-1829), wife of Thomas Mills, M. P., was a lady greatly esteemed for her excellence of character and serene religious trust. About three weeks before her decease, at the age of twenty-four, she wrote the well-known hymn beginning, "We speak of the realms of the blest." She had been reading Bridges on Psalm cxix: 44, and paradise to her seemed already in view. Her religious experience is told in a hymn to which very beautiful music may be found in Gospel Hymns, No. 3: "O land of rest, for thee I sigh."

Horatius Bonar, D. D., the noble advocate of the Free Church in Scotland, the author of the Kelso Tracts, of which a million or more copies have been sent forth like messengers of life, beautifully tells his early Christian calling in the following lines:

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast:'
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad."

"I hear the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this day washed in light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright.'
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my star, my sun,
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till heaven itself is won."

In using these twelve hymns for a praise meeting exercise the stories of their origin might be told by the pastor, or by different members of the church or Sunday-school. The arrangement might not be inappropriate as a Sunday-school exercise, in which the whole hymn might be recited in each case, before the hymn-book is selected from it is sung. Lytle's poems might be recited without being sung.—*S. S. Times*.

It is pretty evident that a minister is only "sanctified in spots" when he can not bear without inward depreciation, and outward expression of it if others are near, of the announced success of a brother pastor, especially of one who has succeeded to a pulpit and pastorate that he once occupied. When one can not heartily rejoice with them that do rejoice, especially over the manifest triumphs of the Gospel, he needs to go forward again to the altars for prayers, or to retire into the mountains with his Saviour for meditation.—*Nashville Christian Advocate*.

It is estimated that the aggregate circulation of Catholic papers in this country is 228,700.

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We have had occasion heretofore for criticising some of the decisions of our higher courts, as not what we had reason to look for, and not in accordance with our views of equity and right. We are glad, therefore, when we are able to commend a decision which was expected by some to be of a different tenor. In the case of E. F. Schroder, who killed Dr. Le Fevre, of Oakland, in comparatively cool blood, with calculation, foresight and dramatic contrivance, long weeks after the victim's alleged acts of wrong, bail has been a second time refused. Judge Yule, of the Oakland Police Court, decided after the examination, that Schroder ought not to have bail; and now Judge Evans, of the Superior Court of this city, on a writ of Habeas Corpus from the Supreme Court, has passed upon the same case, with the same testimony before him, and has decided that the slayer of Le Fevre ought not to have bail. We believe this to be a righteous decision, and one which will meet the approval of the great majority of right-minded people. It will be time to let Mr. Schroder out of prison when a more thorough investigation has brought out all the facts, and when his allegations shall have been shown to be true, and himself proven to be without fault in the matter of the alleged breach of social morality.

The past week has brought us the text of another decision which we can honor as just and right. The Supreme Court of the State has decided that the "Traylor" Act, passed by the Legislature, interfering with the doings of the Board of Education in this city, is unconstitutional. (With the merits of the act, and the proceedings of the Board of Education which it traversed, we have here nothing to do.) The act was an act of special legislation, which our constitution forbids. It was passed, however, under the guise of a general act, and as applying to all cities containing over 100,000 inhabitants. The court virtually says, that guise is "too thin." The Legislature knew, all people know, that there is but one city in the state that has over 100,000 inhabitants, and therefore it was covertly special legislation after all, which mouthed that phrase as an excuse. We are pleased, consequently, that the Court has exposed the device, and has upset every law, virtually, which, under the aspect of a general measure was intended solely to reach San Francisco. This city asks for no specialities. She wishes to stand upon the level of all her sister cities about her, doing them honor and being honored in return.

We are sorry to have any differences with temperance people, but the meetings held by the Temperance Legion in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall on Sabbath evenings we believe have very objectionable features. The temperance addresses and temperance songs are all very good and timely. The sentimental and comic songs, the recitations, the dialogues, and various witty and entertaining exercises are good and of a high order, and would often be most enjoyable on a week-day night; but such exercises on the evening of the holy Sabbath are wrong, and a sin. Not thus are we taught in God's holy Word to remember the Sabbath day. I know the plea is used that these exercises are needed to keep up the attendance upon temperance meetings, but it is never necessary to break God's commands, and to "do evil, that good may come." I know it is said such meetings keep the young from worse places; here they get no positive harm, the exercises are of a high order, temperance is worked in with amusement, and good is done. "These persons," we are told, "would not go to church, but they will go somewhere; we will keep them from worse places by furnishing a better entertainment." But here we think our friends make a sad mistake. These meetings, conducted in the way they have been conducted for years past, lead constantly away from the church to the theater, and other places of amusement. We have attended these meetings, again and again, and found the exercises to be largely of an amusing character. Some most excellent temperance talk and songs, but hardly anything Christian, unless it were the doxology, which seemed solemn mockery after the programme of the evening. Such prostitution of the Sabbath is a great wrong and sin. The temperance society which secularizes the Sabbath does great harm. And this, we believe, the meetings of the Temperance Legion have done for years. Those who

have them in charge are known to be worthy temperance people; but while they are eager to advance the cause of temperance, they are not wisely mindful of other good objects. Man has a soul. God's commands are to be obeyed. These meetings are held, if not under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, in its building and by its permission. Such a use of such a building at such a time, we regard as a disgrace and sin on the part of the Association. It would not be allowed by any other Young Men's Christian Association in America. It could not be in any good Christian church. It is high time that the character of these meetings be changed, or that they be no longer allowed to occupy the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association in this city.

The Fifteenth Industrial Exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute is now open at the Mechanics' Pavilion in this city, and a fine exhibit it is. It is usually well patronized, and this year is not likely to be an exception, judging from the attendance last Saturday evening. There are a great many beautiful, curious, ingenious and wonderful things to be seen in such a place. We shall particularize somewhat hereafter. The Bulletin well says: "There are two paintings hanging on the walls of the Art Gallery which ought not to appear in any place frequented by decent people of refined and sensitive tastes." We would not advertise such indecency, but our silence would not hide the shame. People are going in crowds to the Pavilion. People—young people—walk our streets, and what vile shows do they see in shop-windows along our principal streets—shows which set on fire the lower nature, and lead to a beastly, cursed and ruined life! Take those pictures out of the windows and out of the gallery. Tempt not thy fellow to walk in the way that leads down to hell, for a few paltry dollars.

The fair city of Oakland has had another horror, of which she has had far too many lately. On Sunday, a man and his wife and another woman were drinking, until, by late at night, they were beastly drunk. The children went to bed early, and at near midnight the drunken trio threw themselves on the bed, and, it is supposed, capsized a kerosene lamp and set the place on fire. The building was in ruins before the firemen could get to work upon it. Now for the result: Two of the children were found dead, burnt to a crisp. Another is badly burned, and cannot possibly survive. The wife was burned from the waist up, the skin being literally peeled off, and the hair all burnt off. The other woman had her arm broken, and was terribly burned. The husband managed to escape, but was bruised, and in such a beastly condition that he had to be arrested. Neighbors broke in the doors, and saved the women by carrying them outside. Here is a conflagration and very serious loss of life, solely through intemperance. Only a short time ago, not very far from this same place, a woman who had just left her family at home, and was on her way to buy bread for them, was shot and killed by a stray bullet from a saloon. Now, why do the good people of Oakland submit to these and other horrible tragedies? Cannot some measures be taken to shut up a large number of the saloons, at least? If our churches were the cause of one hundredth or one-thousandth part of the evil and harm that saloons cause, everybody, in holy horror, would exclaim: "This kind of thing must stop, even if the churches have to be shut up." Why should not steps be taken to suppress these terrible abominations and calamitous horrors?

We saw, the other day, in the *London News*, a report of the lecture of Bret Harte, in London, on "The Argonauts" of this coast. Of course, it was the same old lecture, which has been delivered a score of times, or more, and which has been severely criticised for its want of verisimilitude, its extravagances, its exaggerations, its bald hints and bad insinuations. Always and everywhere exception is taken to the lecture, while the fineness of its literary execution is universally acknowledged. We wish Mr. Harte would become his own literary executioner, and execute all the parts of his lectures which he knows must leave a false impression. It ought not to satisfy his conscience to say, as he does, in the introduction, among other perchances, that, "perhaps the lecture is not even true." We should say that it was a travesty, and was only remotely founded in fact. It would show his genius even better than it now does, pay him just as well, and save him from making bad impressions about our pioneers, and from opening the way to false inferences regarding California's settlers, and our American people generally, who are far enough from being unscrupulous adventurers, even when they go abroad to hold offices.

In an Eastern paper we have seen it reported that under an old law, a man failed to recover damages in Massachusetts, recently, for a hurt while traveling on Sunday, because he was not going to church, nor on any errand of necessity and mercy. That does not strike us as any great hardship. It seems in the line of one of the Rest-day papers, read at the last meeting of the General Association; in which it was suggested that Sunday might be made even more than it now is, a *dies non*; a day when every one took all the risks of a violation, and the public insured him nothing beyond immunity from grave acts of crime, and nothing which was not essential to life, liberty and property. Let the law say nothing shall be legal that is done of a Sunday, and in violation of the plain purpose of the day. Let every one feel that no law, or any institution, or any power, or any person, will protect him of a Sunday, so long as he is obviously perverting the day to uses which it was not intended to promote. Let it be seen by all that Sunday is not friendly to ordinary business and ordinary travel and ordinary amusements, and protests with negations and denials against all servile labor and slavish indulgence.

It is believed among us that the Chinese Government has taken a new departure. It is reported to have sent word to all the great Powers that the old restrictive policy has been abandoned, and that both government and people are now free to travel and trade in every country of the globe open to the world. This announcement may be ahead of the actual situation, but the drift is all the time in such a direction. The advent of a steamer flying the Chinese flag is hourly looked for; and such a steamer, though built in Europe and officered by foreigners, is regarded as the harbinger of a fleet, built both for commerce and for war. We are not very sanguine of the immediate success of China as a commercial power. Her traditions, and her habits, and her relative poverty are against her. She is trying an experiment, very likely, and may recoil from its results. In the role of a commercial nation, her expenses will increase, the cost of living will rise, labor will be less cheap, new wants will be felt, other kinds of education will be necessary, and, in fact, so many transformations must come before China can be commercially a power in the world, that she will cease to be what she is, and will have entered the ranks of civilized nations of the world, whose philosophy of living is not Oriental.

We have not a few first-rate English born people among us, and in our churches. Some of these are surprised at the marriage first of Mrs. Lewes to Mr. Cross, a man much her junior, and now at the reported marriage of the Baroness Burdett Coutts to Mr. Bartlett, a man of thirty, she being nearly seventy. Obviously this is a marriage of convenience, and we suggest this solution. It is the ambition of the titled and wealthy of England "to form a house," and establish an aristocratic line. The Baroness will live but a few years. If she can get her wealth, titles and honors transferred to Mr. Bartlett, then in the course of years he may become a real "founder of a house" which shall bear her name, wealth, titles and honors down to posterity. This would, it seems to us, be more like the very excellent woman who has adorned the walks of the benefactors of our kind, than it would be to attribute the step to any of the caprices which sometimes mar the lives of human greatness.

The latest reports indicate great unrest and serious disturbance in several of the Mexican States. Several of the northern and more remote states are already in the hands of revolutionary leaders. We are not able to estimate well all the grounds for the unusual dissatisfaction which now prevails in that republic. We know that it is doubted whether Gonzales was fairly elected president. We were informed at the time of the election; that in many places the proceeding was a farce, that Gonzales had all the chances because he was favored by Diaz and the government generally, and could get (as the man does in some of our Southern States) all the votes he might need in any place. When one party determines that it will find all the votes it desires, and the other party resolves that no count can beat it, there is end of all honor, truth and fairness in an electoral campaign. We are sorry for Mexico. Its revolutionary chieftains will either have to be bought off or subdued by force; and either method is likely to be so expensive that the President who holds the capital and environs will scarcely know how to proceed. He may fall before a combination, of which there is at this day no large prospect.

The Governor of the province of Achaia, Greece, has prohibited the villagers from bringing in their goods for sale on Sunday and the shopkeepers from opening their shops.

The Sacredness of the Sabbath.

ISAIAH LVIII: 13, 14.

Some have tried to get rid of the Fourth Commandment, as if it had no moral foundation. What is a moral command? Something the reason for which we see in the nature of things. The Sabbath then is moral, for it is necessary for man. The body wants rest. There are plenty of proofs that a man who rests one day in seven is healthier and can do more work than the man who works all the time, taking no rest. The same is true also of horses and all beasts of burden. Again, the mind wants rest. The lawyer who quits his office on Saturday night and enters it not till Monday morning is clearer in mind and intellect than those who do otherwise. It is a well known fact, that many readers and thinkers have lost their reason, not because they worked hard, but because they took no rest.

Again, man being a creature living in God's world, wants something to remind him of the existence of that Creator and his obligations to him. The Sabbath does this very effectually by stopping all work and reminding man that God created all in six days and rested the seventh. If it was God that created all, then is he the owner of all? We are his people, the sheep of his pasture, the work of his hands.

We want some assurance of the continuance of his good will. We have this also in the Sabbath—his sign of a covenant between God and men. Every Sabbath assures us of the continuance of God's good will as truly as the bow in the clouds assures us there will be no deluge.

Some are greatly troubled because the day has been changed. But we find in the old Testament that the Sabbath was a memorial of more than one thing. Or that more than one reason was given for keeping it. In Exodus xx: 8-11, God commanded to keep holy the Sabbath day because he was the Creator of all. But in Deut. v: 12-15, the fact that God brought them out of the land of Egypt is given as the reason for keeping the Sabbath. We have no certainty that the seventh day in the Wilderness was the exact seventh day of creation, seeing the Israelites had no Sabbath while in Egypt. They began their reckonings from the time they came out of Egypt. Again, it is worthy of note that all the inhabitants of the world cannot keep the same time as a Sabbath, seeing it is night on one side of the globe when it is day on the other. But if we take the idea of the Sabbath as a sign or memorial, it is not so much difference whether we keep the identical twelve or twenty-four hours that Adam did. The aim of the Sabbath is to remind us of our obligation to God. The nearer he has come to us, and the more he has done for us, there we ought to think most of him.

To Adam the fact that God had created him was the most important, and threw the greatest light on his character and his obligation to him; therefore that was the idea of which the Sabbath reminded him.

But to the Israelite, God had come much nearer by delivering them from the land of Egypt and the power of the Pharaoh. They knew a great deal more of him and loved him more on that account. Therefore the Sabbath chiefly reminded them of God as their deliverer from Egypt.

Now God has revealed himself in these latter days unto us as the Redeemer. It is natural, then, that the first idea which the Sabbath reminds us of is the fact that God as Redeemer has finished his work. Since the Creator, Deliverer and Redeemer are one and the same, it can be no insult to him that we should think of him chiefly in that character where he has come nearest to us, revealed himself most clearly, and conferred the greatest benefit upon us.

Thinking of him as Redeemer leads us back naturally to remember him as Deliverer and Creator; but I do not see that beginning with the Creator as naturally leads to think of a Redeemer. Hence I think the first day of the week gives a fuller idea for a Sabbath, as the gospel reveals more of God to us than creation does.

It is very difficult to make men see and feel that disregarding God's command concerning the Sabbath is a sin. Let us look at the comparison used in the text. *Turn thy foot from the Sabbath.* You have seen often on park sign boards: "Don't tread on the grass." No one complains of this if there be plenty of nice walks. Think now of a man who has seven hundred acres of land. He meets a young man who is very anxious to be a farmer, but has neither land, money nor stock. He says: "I will give you six hundred acres of my land, with stock and all on it, on one condition. I am going to make the other hundred acres adjoining a fine park to display my wealth and taste. Now you must not take any hay from my plot, you must not let your cattle graze on it nor let your servants or children play on it. Neither must you ever ride or walk over it. I want it to be a sacred spot for my own use. And you must on no account attempt to use any part of it for your own benefit or pleasure, but according to my orders." Would this be considered hard or unreasonable? Should anything justify the man for breaking such a contract as this? Such exactly is the Sabbath. He had a perfect right to keep what portion he thought best. A rich man giving to a poor man one hundred acres and keeping six for himself, would have been very kind. So had God given us one day for ourselves and kept six for himself, we would have no room to complain—he was the owner of all; we had nothing. It was he who first said, "Let there be light, and there was light." The earth also is his. Therefore he had perfect right to impose whatever conditions he pleased.

2. He has given enough to man. It is well known that six hundred acres is large enough for any man to farm—more

than he can really do justice with. So six days diligently and wisely used are quite enough for any man to work. If you cannot accomplish all your work in six days, there is some mistake somewhere—either you undertake too much or you lose time in idleness and frivolity. It is full time for every one that finds it necessary to use the Sabbaths for his own service to enquire diligently into his own mode of life and reform.

3. Men's excuses are frivolous. Many would not think of working, but they go for recreation and pleasure. But to trample a neighbor's hay, or play in his wheat, would be as injurious to him and more inexcusable in you than to cut it for yourself. To ride over well preserved green is as bad as to turn your cows to graze in it.

Men say they have no time to visit neighbors, to get fresh air and have pleasure on any other day. Suppose that one farmer should say, "I have no nice walks, no carriage drive, on this six hundred like those on that hundred." The question comes, Why don't you make them. The condition on which you hold your property is that you are not to tread on that piece except by invitation. You must find time on the six days for seeking health, pleasure and everything else. The Sabbath belongs to God. He will not give it up on any account. It does not belong to us at all. We have no more right to use it to our own service than we have to take our neighbor's property without his leave.

4. God might call back all he has given if you try to rob him. Suppose that our farmer had been grasping, and every chance he could get, trespassing on the one hundred acres which his kind friend had reserved for himself. Would you wonder to hear that his kind friend had come to him some day and said: "I see you do not stick to the contract. You are all the time trespassing on my land or allowing your children and servants to do so. I have determined to get rid of such a troublesome neighbor as you. I call back my gifts that I had given you? Would not this be just and right?"

It is just the same with God. He gets tired of the selfishness and dishonesty of men, and will by and by call back all he has given to those who pollute his Sabbaths. We have this very fully illustrated in the Bible. In Exodus xxiii: 10, 11, and Leviticus xxv: 1-7 and 20-22, God commanded the Israelites to give the land a year of rest once in every seven, promising that he would give them double crop in the fourth year. In Levit. xxvi: 31-35 and 43 he tells them if they would disobey his command he would take away every thing from them, drive them away from the country, that the land may rest. The Israelites disobeyed God, went on with farming year after year for nearly five hundred years. But in 2 Chron. xxvi: 21, we are told that Israel went to Babylonian captives. To fulfill the word of the Lord by the mouth of Jeremiah, until the land had enjoyed her Sabbaths for as long as she lay desolate, she kept Sabbaths to fulfill three score years and ten. Here are people robbing God of his Sabbaths for 490 years, and obliged to pay all at once 70 years. If God was so strict regarding that which was merely ceremonial, which was for the temporal benefit of the poor chiefly, how much more then will he demand reparation for his day, the keeping of which is so necessary for the temporal and spiritual benefit of man. All that men gain by polluting the Sabbath will surely prove ultimately a loss. The gain is like rotten apples rotting all the rest. Let us excuse ourselves of not knowing how to keep the day, God gives direction. Abstain from thine own pleasure—not a day of recreation and feasting or visiting. Take your own time for pleasure. Call the Sabbath a delight. Study the Bible till you are pleased with and are glad that a day is set apart to afford you an opportunity to know more about it. Respect the day. Put on your best clothes. Prepare your house and your children as if you expected a guest. Regard it a greater privilege to keep the Sabbath than if the greatest man on earth were coming to you. God looks on you. Have done with your own business, so as to have nothing to do, say or think but to visit with the King of kings and delight in his company.

Aug. 7th, 1880. R. G. J.

Home Missionary Cal.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D.D.

Office: No. 7 Montgomery Ave., San Francisco.

A New Overland.

From San Francisco to Eureka, Humboldt county, via Cloverdale, it is three hundred and three miles, two hundred and thirteen of which is by stage. The start is made from this city at 7:10 a.m., and next day at 9 p.m. the weary traveler may give up his seat at Hydesville for a bed on which to lay what bones are left in his body for their re-articulation, or he may hold on to his seat four hours longer and book himself at the Vance hotel, Eureka, having made the trip overland in forty-two hours. Times have changed since our brother W. L. Jones, the first Congregational bishop of Humboldt county, lived there, and occasionally traveled over the same country on horseback, spending more than a week in making the trip.

THE CHURCHES
We visited on the way were few enough for such a stretch of territory, but these few are fully manned and doing loyal service. In Cloverdale the Rev. S. P. Whiting has been quietly but successfully working for the last two years. The

parsonage is thoroughly comfortable, and its surroundings give evidence of thoughtful care and taste. The church has been newly papered within. A neat finish back of the pulpit in imitation of recess, and other improvements made, have so changed the whole effect that the pastor himself thinks "it is the neatest church in Sonoma county." The salary of the minister is easily raised and promptly paid, and all without outside assistance. Congregations and Sunday-school well sustained, and additions to the church steadily continue. Six were added not long ago. A number of families from San Francisco and other places have materially strengthened the working force, as well as added to the spiritual life of the little church, for which, in years past, so much hard work has been done and so many prayers offered. United as this church is, free from debt, strong in its Board of Trustees, happy and prosperous in its pastor, we see before it a life of usefulness and aggressive good. One of its members will enter the Pacific Theological Seminary this fall, and in due time, if life is spared, enter upon the full work of the gospel ministry. Good-bye to Cloverdale. Arrived in Ukiah at 5 p.m. Brother Ross, of Willits, Little Lake Valley, was on hand to take us in his buggy to his home. Most of the twenty-three miles we traveled at an easy jog, with the cool air of a clear moonlight night as an inspiration, as well as a rest after a hot day's ride in a crowded stage.

Saturday, Sunday and Monday enabled us to take in the situation, and to understand better the difficulties that face the work of a home missionary at the front. His church members living miles away from the center and from each other, so that for weeks and months, in certain seasons of the year, prayer and other conference meetings cannot be maintained—the ups and downs of the farmer's life in Mendocino county, where the storms and rains of winter, and a cold, late spring, cut off crops and put everybody on short allowance; and with his people the missionary takes the lot that falls to them and him, with a willing though suffering heart—added to this, the breaking in of that sort of outside evangelism which takes advantage of pleasant weather and results of the systematic, steady work of a settled minister to breeze-up an excitement, start this and that church, which may last about as long as the pleasant weather does (those who have gone through it all know how extremely difficult it is for the religious element to rally and unite again for siege and battle against the powers of evil). It is something for the home missionary in such a strait to hold his own. It taxes not only nerve, but faith, to do it well. Our brother in Willits has had to stand just there, and we are glad that he gives no sign or breathes no word of discouragement.

The church, though small, is well united and harmonious. A necessity is laid on them for building at once, inasmuch as occasional preachers from outlying districts claim equal rights to the school-house for their Sunday service. Towards this object a fair subscription is already secured, and a committee authorized to secure a building lot immediately. When a home of its own is secured, the church will then be in position not only to hold its own, but to push right and left for the possession of the whole valley.

Monday night we went up to Sherwood Valley, ten miles away from Willits, to meet an appointment at the school-house. It being in the heat of harvest, and Monday, the hard day of the week, we were surprised at the attendance at the evening service. The building itself was a surprise. Outside and in, it looked as though it had "lots of friends." The house, the paint, the patent seats, black-boards, maps, charts, the grove, the fence—everything was all that a model school could ask. Up there in Mendocino county we hardly expected to find such perfect appointments.

It was evident the institution had friends, and the friends of such an institution generally go to church when they can, and that accounted for the attendance. Here brother Ross has driven a stake, and here he is doing work which promises well for the future. And how much such work is done by good men in this State which newspapers know nothing about, which the census tables make no record of, and only the Master sees; and which, in due time, he will proclaim and honor as his own.

From Sherwood to Hydesville, Ferris and Eureka, what we saw and heard we will tell in our next.

All matters requiring immediate attention from the Superintendent of Home Missions should be addressed to Deacon S. S. Smith, until further notice.
J. H. WARREN.

During the 173 years of its existence, the Congregational Church of Madison, Conn., has had only six pastors, none of whom ever left the church after being settled over it until death took them away.

Religious

The Congregational Church of Madison, Conn., has had only six pastors, none of whom ever left the church after being settled over it until death took them away.

The meeting on Monday evening, Rev. W. Rev. Chaplain.

Dr. Goodell, who was in the city, preached at the church.

Rev. T. K. of his series of last Sabbath.

There were church, Oakland Sabbath.

Rev. J. N. vacation, has been very glad one of good station with his is noted in the and at a special very great an

Rev. Chas. arrived in the Sabbath pre Berkeley. A professor in the Constantinople course in N charge of our wish minister their new relation

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Religious Intelligence.

California.

The Congregational Club did not continue in session its usual time last Monday. Many present wanted to attend a meeting of the San Francisco Ministerial Union, which through some mistake was appointed at 2:30 instead of 3:30.

"The Gift of the Holy Spirit for Service," to be introduced by Rev. T. K. Noble, will be the subject for consideration at the Club next Monday.

Amongst the other visitors at the Club on Monday were Rev. C. A. Savage of Vermont, Rev. G. H. Smith of Redwood City, Rev. Walter Frear of Honolulu, Rev. Chaplain Blake and Rev. Mr. Burdick.

The meeting of the Sabbath School Association of the City and County of San Francisco will be held in the lecture-room of the First Congregational church, on next Thursday evening, the 19th inst. Rev. Dr. Goodell of St. Louis will deliver the opening address. The principal subject for discussion is, "Sabbath-school teachers who are habitually absent from the church service."

Dr. Goodell's services at the First church are very highly spoken of.

Last Sunday, C. W. Broadbent Esq. preached at the Alms-house. The chapel was full.

Rev. T. K. Noble delivered the fourth of his series of discourses to young men last Sabbath evening.

There were four additions to the First church, Oakland, at the communion, last Sabbath.

Rev. J. K. McLean D.D., after his vacation, has resumed his duties, and we are very glad to learn that the outlook is one of good spiritual prosperity in connection with his church. Especial interest is noted in the Young People's meeting, and at a special service of Re-consecration very great and deep feeling was manifested.

Rev. Charles A. Savage of Vermont arrived in this state last week, and on Sabbath preached his first sermon in Berkeley. Mr. Savage was for four years professor in the celebrated Robert College, Constantinople, and after a theological course in New Haven comes to take charge of our church in Berkeley. We wish minister and people every success in their new relationships.

A great religious interest, especially among the young people, is reported at Westminster.

We are glad to clip the following about the worthy pastor at Redwood City from an exchange: "Rev. G. H. Smith, assisted by Rev. G. F. Fitch, visited Woodside on Sunday last, for the purpose of establishing a Sunday-school there. The field of labor is broad, there being over fifty children in the vicinity who could attend. Mr. Smith preached in the afternoon to a congregation that would be pleased to hear him often."

Rev. G. F. Fitch, of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, stationed in China for 10 years, delivered an interesting sermon in the Congregational church, Sabbath before last, on the mission cause in China, to an attentive audience.

The sad news has reached us of the drowning of Willie Massy, a member of our Sunday-school at Bethany, San Joaquin Co. He was the step-son of Mr. T. McLaughlin of Antioch. Appropriate funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Messrs. Smith of Antioch and Hubbard of Tracy. The relatives and friends have our sympathy in the great bereavement.

Rev. Dr. Willey on Sunday morning last tendered his resignation as pastor of the Santa Cruz Congregational church, he having received a call from the Benicia Congregational church. The congregation held a meeting the following Monday night, and voted to accept the resignation. For ten years has Mr. Willey labored in Santa Cruz—longer than any of his predecessors, Zelle, Bartlett or Frear; probably longer than any minister in any Santa Cruz church. During these many years he has toiled zealously and faithfully, and his good name is without reproach. Much sorrow was expressed when the vote was about to be taken to accept his resignation. The people of Benicia will find in Mr. Willey a scholar and a student, and an acquisition to any community.—*Santa Cruz Sentinel*.

The parsonage at San Mateo was entered during the recent absence of Rev. and Mrs. Folsom in this city, and about \$300 worth of clothing and silver were stolen, the latter principally keepsakes from friends, living and dead. Sorry are we for this loss by our friends. Robbers have no mercy; they rob the minister and they rob the grave. We would much sooner be the robbed than the robber.

A called meeting of the Ministerial Union convened in the Methodist Publication House in this city last Monday, at 2:30 p.m. Rev. M. C. Briggs, D.D., was chosen President pro tem. Rev. Dr. Goodell, of St. Louis, led in prayer. Rev. Dr. M. M. Gibson moved that the Union unite in an invitation to Messrs. Moody and Sankey to spend the coming winter with us in evangelistic labors. Action upon this resolution was deferred to an adjourned meeting, to be held at the same place next Monday, at 11 a.m. Drs. Briggs and Gibson and Rev. J. Kimball were appointed a committee to send notices of the proposed meeting and its object to all the ministers of this Union, in order that the meeting may be very full when this very important action is under consideration. Dr. Goodell, who has been laboring with Messrs. Moody and Sankey the past winter in St. Louis, will be present to aid the Union by his wise counsel.

Other Denominations.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Nine additions during the quarter are reported by the San Leandro church.—Twenty-three persons were recently added to the Central

Presbyterian Tabernacle in this city.—

At the last communion two persons were received into the San Luis Obispo church.—Dr. Cairns of Scotland recently preached in St. John's church in this city.—Nine persons have been received lately into the U. P. church; and San Jose has added eleven to its church.

BAPTIST.—Rev. Dr. Buckbee has been invited to supply the San Jose church.—Rev. H. W. Read is reported as doing good work at Virginia City, Nevada.—Rev. Dr. Frost has been visiting his friends at San Jose.

METHODIST.—Bishop Wiley has gone to Oregon. He is accompanied by Rev. J. B. Hill and Rev. Frederick Bonn.—Drs. Stratton and Sinex have visited Lodi and assisted Dr. Haswell in his work.—Miss Losee and Mrs. Langdon are reported as doing a blessed work in Los Angeles, especially amongst the children.—Five persons have united with the church in Sutter Creek.

Eastern and Foreign.

Mr. Frank Beard, the artist and lecturer, author of "The Blackboard in the Sunday School," will inaugurate in New York a place of entertainment designed for families, and especially ladies and children. The grand hall of Masonic Temple, Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, is now being refitted, and will open about the first of September. The lease is for nine months, and it is hoped to establish a permanent place of resort, which will afford wholesome amusement forming a counter-attraction to the many amusements which are justly reprobated by religious and refined persons. It is an attempt to prove that vulgarities need not be the soul of wit, but that things pure and beautiful are as attractive to the public if properly presented. It will be a specialty and musical entertainment, including Mr. Beard's "Oratorical Talk," and not theatrical.

The Young Women's Christian Association in Great Britain which were started 22 years ago, have become numerous and useful. There are 500 secretaries of the London Society, which meet for united prayer, Bible study, and work.

After four months evangelistic labors in Florence, Rome, Naples, Palermo, Leghorn, and Genoa, in which their meetings were attended by large crowds, Rev. Dr. Somerville and his companion M. Colquhoun have returned to Glasgow.

Rev. B. Peters, a Methodist missionary in India, has been arrested by an English anti-Christian magistrate of Bangalore, convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of 100 rupees, and in default seven days imprisonment. He has appealed to a higher court.

Cal. W. C. T. U.

THE MRS. HAYES' MEMORIAL.

The plans for this memorial, of which *Our Union* has published the circular from the Delaware W. C. T. U., are taking form and becoming a substantial reality. The magnitude and importance of the movement grows. It is not in anywise dependent upon party or creed. It is the effort to recognize a stand for principle such as has seldom been known, and this effort must be brought to every one having at heart the uplifting of humanity, with the opportunity for each one to participate in its completion. The gentle, earnest presence of Mrs. Hayes has made every advance stand by any, be they of high or low degree, easier. It has made possible for "society" to declare that certain usages are not Medo-Persian, and that customs are not binding. The act of the gracious wife and mother at the White House has been an open epistle to the world. It has been the quiet sermon from a lofty pulpit, yet with the force and power which carries conviction. This sermon must be crowned with psalm from East to West, from North to South of this country. Let the deep, heartfelt prayers of thanksgiving to Him who gave her for this hour, and to the one who fulfilled his behest, arise. But this must take tangible, visible form, that the story may be told again and again to the help and strength of thousands.

In this growing and magnifying scheme, in order to give opportunity for advice and consultation, time has been required; it could not be the work of a moment. An extensive correspondence is being started, and "making haste slowly" seems necessary. There had been an impression abroad that the memorial would take the form of a drinking fountain, to be erected in the city Washington. This was started without authority, and therefore the Commission have nothing to retract in that regard. The idea is pleasant and beautiful, but it is not practicable. It has been decided that the fittest (and this also meets the wishes and has the approbation of President and Mrs. Hayes) is a life-size portrait of Mrs. Hayes, to remain in the Presidential mansion as companion piece to that of Martha Washington.

The Delaware W. C. T. U. has sent the "first offering"—one hundred dollars—and thus, the Treasurer's book being opened, she is ready to receive contributions from ten cents and upwards.

The following emphatic and significant words were taken from a private letter of a gentleman who appreciates this work and its vast import:

"I am more and more impressed with the importance of this movement. It will be needed, and every other influence we can bring to bear upon the same point, to sustain the present status at the White House. It would be sad, indeed, to have the old regime resumed. If possible, it must be prevented. God help us."

It is the expectation that the fund will swell to such proportions that, after paying for the portrait, the remainder shall be the foundation of a perpetual endowment for the purchase of temperance literature for wide distribution. This will be a seedling for an abundant harvest, as "the handful of corn upon the top of the mountain," yet the shaking thereof shall be as Lebanon.—*Our Union*.

Oregon Department.

CHAPLAIN R. S. STUBBS, Oregon Editor.

From Portland, Oregon, to San Francisco.

INCIDENTS, FACTS, ETC., ETC.

BY CHAPLAIN STUBBS.

DEAR BROTHER:—I write for your numerous readers who may have thoughts of visiting the commercial capital of Oregon the business centre of an empire—Portland, on the banks of the Willamette, twelve miles from the Columbia river.

So many persons imagine that this region of heavy mist, prodigious crops of unequalled cereals, luscious fruits, and splendid salmon, is so widely separated from California by the intervening leagues of salt water that they are deterred making it a visit.

To all such I desire to say, that the distance between the Golden Gate and the Columbia river has been shortened nearly one third within the last six months.

The logy conveyances of earlier days, such as the *John L. Stephens*, have been superseded by new lines of floating palaces, first class iron steamships, so that now it is a pleasure to take a ride to the land of the Webfoot.

Last week it was our lot, in the prosecution of our work, to enjoy such a ride, of which I desire to give an outline to those who may be asking, How can I go to Portland?

DEPARTURE.

On Wednesday night, 11th inst., enjoying "the benefit of a pass" from Col. Mc Cracken—who takes a deep interest in our labors for the good of steamboat men, and mariners generally—I went on board the *State of California*, Capt. Debney, of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's line, and although it was a very late hour and nearly every berth had been engaged, the gentlemanly purser furnished me the best berth at his command—then, "gathering the drapery of my couch about me," I "turned in" to pleasant dreams.

HOW SHE TRAVELS.

At 4 A. M., we cast off our lines and carefully steamed down the Willamette and the Columbia, amid the rising splendors of the morning sun, our travel accelerated by the immense body of water from the Snake river and other tributaries coursing through this avenue to the Pacific ocean.

At 9:25 we reached the wharf at Astoria, having traveled 110 miles in five hours and twenty-five minutes, without making anything of an especial effort.

During the trip we were particularly struck by the disappearance of every fishing boat from the bosom of the Columbia. Not a single boat to be seen where, two weeks before, over 1000 boats might be seen in quest of salmon sailing on the basin and bosom of the river for miles! Such is the power and majesty of law in the minds of our people, backed up as it is at present by our vigilant and energetic State Attorney, Mr. Caples, who has proven himself to be faithful during the past two years of his official service.

The laws of Oregon require all fishermen to cease taking salmon after the 31st of July of each year, and they are obeyed.

At Astoria we were detained one day, nearly, that 12,000 cases of salmon might be shipped by our steamer for Frisco.

On Thursday morning, at 4 A. M., we left Astoria and forced our way, through fogs and other obstructions, to the outer bar-buoy at the mouth of the Columbia, which we passed at 5:25 A. M., and at 5:20 P. M. on Friday (the day following), Capt. Debney piloted us safely past Potomac-Patch buoy, at the entrance to San Francisco harbor; our noble steamer having made the trip from bar to bar (340 miles) in 35 hours and 30 minutes!

The entire passage was an ovation of buoyancy, cheerfulness, and enjoyment. A few exceptions there were, of esteemed ladies who were sick despite the prevalent gladness, auspicious breezes, and following westerly waves which cradled and rocked our floating palace with the ease, the grace and gentleness of a mother's love.

Capt. Debney's quiet, assuring and gentlemanly presence was everywhere. On "The Bridge" his ever watchful eye took full cognizance of the entire details of the ship's management. The comfort of his passengers suffered not for want of any attention from stewardess, steward or waiters.

At the tables every attention was paid to the slightest intimation or wish expressed by the most exacting.

The first officer, Mr. Field, and the chief engineer, Mr. White, were ceaseless in their assiduity and devotion to the several and important trusts committed to them whereby the ship achieved her successful improvement of winds and steam.

Altogether it is truth to say that the *State of California* is a magnificent sailer; a first-class, staunch-built vessel; her accommodations are well-nigh palatial; her officers are gentlemen, and experienced seamen; her speed is wonderful, and a trip from Frisco to Portland has now become a real pleasure.

Correction.

On my arrival at San Francisco my attention was called to a demand made, by Rev. H. K. Hines, in the *Pacific Christian Advocate* of July 29th, desiring me to unsay, "that an irritating lawsuit" has been carried on by the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society for some years past concerning their mission claim at the Dalles, Oregon.

Bro. Hines, alluding to the article written by me, observes, in his communication: "There is nothing in what he did write that savors of evil except the statement about the 'irritating lawsuit,' etc."

I certainly have written nothing in malice, and am grateful to find that Bro.

Hines entertains this view of my communication—except the following sentence: "Since that time an irritating lawsuit has been carried on by said Society against the land holders who were living within the limits of what is claimed as the section originally granted by the U. S. Land Office to the Methodists, as a mission grant."

I would say that if my remark is incorrect, I will certainly confess my mistake as publicly as I have made it. I simply wrote what is of public remark throughout the extent of the Columbia river wherever I have travelled.

I did not pass on the merits of the lawsuit, nor intimate that it was unjust.

Having quite recently spent a Sabbath in the Dalles, I found the sentiment to be expressed substantially as I gave it.

I am too far from the Dalles at this writing to give any further correction. On my return to Oregon I will hasten to give such facts as I can glean—unless I find that in so doing I shall open a Pandora's box.

In that event I will bear the odium of having inadvertently made a misstatement, rather than fan what I sincerely hope are the expiring embers of a protracted and bitter local controversy involving many excellent members of sister Christian churches.

Respectfully and Fraternally,
CHAPLAIN STUBBS.

John Lord of Thetford, Vermont, reached the advanced age of 98 years few days ago. To celebrate the event his children, more distant relatives and old friends, to the number of sixty, gathered at his house. A part of the day was spent in a social manner and a part of it devoted to remarks by the ministers and others present, the reading of a poem, the singing of hymns and the offering of prayers. Mr. Lord thanked his friends for thus remembering him, and expressed the wish that at last they might all meet around the throne of God in heaven. Though so old, he seems very well and much interested in the events of the day, and especially in the progress of the Saviour's kingdom. Last year he husked two hundred bushels of corn, that he might give the money that he had earned for the cause of missions. For more than sixty years he has been a consistent member of the church in Thetford.—*Vt. Chronicle*.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL MONUMENT.—A monument in honor of the first twelve originators of Sunday-schools, erected in Essex street, Strand, London, was unveiled a few days since by Mr. Henry Richard, M.P. The Italian Ambassador, and ministers of thirteen different denominations, took part in the ceremony. The names of the originators of Sunday-schools are to be carved on the side of the pedestal.

MISSIONARIES ORDAINED.—Last month the Bishop of London, in St. Paul's Cathedral, ordained twenty-two candidates for missionary work. Twenty of them had been educated and trained by the Church Missionary Society in their College at Islington. One of them, a native African, had been brought over by the Society from Lagos, and has proved himself apt and intelligent in his studies.

There is to be a Bible-stand for the sale of portions of Scripture at the Exposition in Brussels this summer.

W. E. CHAMBERLAIN, JR. THOS. A. ROBINSON.

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COFFEE	10 lbs. best Java, carefully roasted, or	price.	box.
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"	12 " " " green	3 00	2 25
SUGAR	20 " crushed or granulated, or		
"	24 " Golden C	2 80	2 50
TEAS	5 " new crop, best Garden Japan, or		
"	5 " " " Formosa Oolong, or		
"	5 " " " English Breakfast	5 00	4 00
"	5 " " " good quality Japan, or		
"	5 " " " " Oolong, or		
"	5 " " " " Eng. Breakfast	3 00	2 00
RICE	10 " " " best	1 00	75
CURRENTS	10 " best, or 10 lbs California raisins	1 50	1 00
MEALS	10 " extra corn meal or cracked wheat	50	35
"	10 " Oat " or Eastern hominy	75	60
SOAP	20 cakes, good laundry	1 00	70
"	6 " pure white castile, for toilet, or		
CHOCOLATE	2 lbs Chiradilla's chocolate	60	50
YEAST POWDER	1 doz. Bowen's pure, 1 lb cans	2 50	2 00
SPICES	1 lb can pure (full weight) black pepper, or		
"	ginger, allspice or mustard	50	40
"	1 lb can pure (full weight) cinnamon or cloves	75	65
SYRUP	1 gallon best Boston syrup (screw-top can)	1 25	90
TAPIOCA-SAGO	10 lbs Pearl tapioca or sago	1 25	1 00
CORN STARCH	10 " Duryea's or Kingsford starch, or		
MACCARONI	1 box macaroni	1 50	1 00
OYSTERS	1 doz. 2-lb cans best oysters, or		
"	1/2 doz. 1/2-boxes sardines	1 75	1 40
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The Children's Corner.

PUSSY GREY.

BY J. M. D.

Do you want a pussy, soft and gray—
A tiny, gentle pussy?
It will not scratch or bite,
Nor howl about at night,
My little pussy!
Do you want it? Tell me, pray!
What's its name, you'd have me say?
What I call my pussy?
And how big, and how old?
What if the truth were told?
You'd want pussy.
Come and take my pretty pet away.
My pussy, you can have one any day—
A tiny pussy grey!
You can get it, and as many
As you want without a penny
Any pleasant day
From the willows by the brookside gay!

Jim Peters.

One day, about a year ago, the door of my sitting-room was thrown suddenly open, and the confident voice of Harvey thus introduced a stranger:
"Here's Jim Peters, mother."
I looked up, not a little surprised at the sight of a ragged, barefoot child.
Before I had time to say anything, Harvey went on:
"He lives round in Blake's court, and hasn't any mother. I found him on a doorstep feeding birds."

"My eyes rested on the child's face while my boy said this. It was a very sad little face, thin and colorless, not bold and vicious, but timid, and having a look of patient suffering. Harvey held him firmly by the hand, with the air of one who bravely protects the weak.
"No mother!" said I, in tones of pity.
"No, ma'am; he hasn't any mother. Have you, Jim?"
"No," answered the child.
"She's been dead ever so long; hasn't she, Jim?"

"Yes, ever since last winter," said he, as he fixed his eyes, into which I saw the tears coming, upon my face. My heart moved toward him, repulsive as he was because of his rags and dirt.
"One of God's little lambs straying on the cold and barren hills of life," said a voice in my heart. And then I felt a tender compassion for the strange, unlovely child.
"Where do you live?" I asked.
"Round in Blake's court," he replied.
"Whom with?"
"Old Mrs. Flint; but she doesn't want me."

"Why not?"
"Oh, because I'm nothing to her, she says, and she doesn't want the trouble of me." He tried to say this in a brave, don't-care sort of way, but his voice faltered and he dropped his eyes to the floor. How pitiful he looked!

"Poor child!" I could not help saying aloud.
Light flashed over his pale face. It was something new to him, this interest and compassion.

"One of God's little lambs," I heard the voice in my heart saying this again. Nobody to love him; nobody to care for him. Poor little boy! The hand of my own child, my son who is very dear to me, had led him in through our door and claimed for him the love and care so long a stranger to his heart. Could I send him out and shut the door upon him, when I knew he had no mother and no home?

"I've got a heap of clothes, mother, a great many more than I want. And my bed is wide. There's room enough in the house, and we've plenty to eat," said Harvey, pleading for the child. I could not withstand all these appeals. Rising, I told the little stranger to follow me. When he came back to the sitting-room half an hour afterward, Jim Peters would hardly have been known by his old acquaintances, if any of them had been there. A bath and clean clothes had made a wonderful change in him.

I watched the poor little boy, as he and Harvey played during the afternoon, with no little concern of mind. What was I to do with him? Clean and neatly dressed, there was a look of refinement about the child which had nearly all been hidden by rags and dirt. He played gently, and his voice had in it a sweetness of tone, as it fell every now and then upon my ears, that was really winning. Send him back to Mrs. Flint's in Blake's court? The change I had wrought upon him made this impossible. No, he could not be sent back to Mrs. Flint's, who didn't want the trouble of him. What then?

It is just a year since my boy led him in from the street, and Jim is still in our house. No one came for him. No one inquired about him. No one cared for him. I must take that last sentence back. God cared for him, and by the hand of my tender-hearted son brought him into my comfortable home, and said to me: "Here is one of my lambs, astray, hungry and cold. He was born into the world that he might become an angel in heaven, but is in danger of being lost. I give him into your care. Let me find him when I call my sheep by their names."

As I finished writing the last sentence, a voice close to my ear said, "Mother!" I turned and received a loving kiss from the lips of Jim. He often does this. I think, in the midst of his happy plays, memory takes him back to the suffering past, and then his grateful heart runs over and he tries to reward me with a loving kiss. I did not tell him to call me "Mother." At first he said it in a timid, hesitating way, and with such a pleading, half-sad look that I was touched and softened.

She isn't your real mother," said Harvey, who happened to be near, "but then she's good, and loves you ever so much."
"And I love her," answered Jim, with a great throb in his throat, hiding his face in my lap and clasping and kissing my hand. Since then he always calls

me "mother"; and the God and Father of us all has sent into my heart a mother's love for him, and I pray that he may be mine when I come to make up my jewels in heaven.—Happy Days.

Honestly Rewarded.

George and Harry worked in the same shop; but as the working season was almost over, and there would be little work to do during the summer months, their employer informed them as they settled up on Saturday evening that he could give only one of them work hereafter. He said he was very sorry, but it was the best he could do. He told them both to come back on Monday morning, and that he would then decide on the one he wished to remain. So the young men returned to their boarding-house a good deal cast down; for work was scarce, and neither knew where he could obtain a situation if he was the one to leave.

That evening as they counted over their week's wages, Harry said to his friend: "Mr. Wilson has paid me a quarter of a dollar too much."
"So he has me," said George, as he looked at his.

"How could he have made the mistake?" said Harry.
"Oh, he was very busy when six o'clock came; and, handling so much money, he was careless when he came to pay our trifles," said George, as he stuffed his into his pocket-book.

"Well," said Harry, "I am going to stop as I go to the post office, and hand the money to him."
"You are wonderful particular about a quarter," said George. "What does he care about that trifle? Why, he would not come to the door for it, if he knew what you wanted; and I'm sure you worked hard enough to earn it."

But Harry called and handed his employer the money, who thanked him for returning it, and went into the house. Mr. Wilson had paid them each a quarter of a dollar too much, on purpose, to test their honesty.
So when Monday came, he seemed to have no difficulty in determining which one he would keep.

He chose Harry, and entrusted the shop to his care for a few months while he was away on business, and was so well pleased with his management, that when work commenced in the fall, he gave him the position of superintendent.
Five years afterwards, Harry was Mr. Wilson's partner; and George worked in the same shop again, but as a common laborer.

Plain Language.

The story is told of a sophomore in college who brought his composition to the tutor for examination and correction. Its subject was "Conscience," and one of its sentences read, "The nature and province of conscience are such, that, in view of the revealed and perfect standard of truth and duty, this inward monitor enables us to discriminate between that which, on the one hand, is forbidden, and evil in its tendency, and that on the other, which is commanded, and correct in theory and beneficial in practice."

As the tutor read the sentence, he said to the student, "What, exactly, do you mean by that?"
"Why," said the latter, "I mean that conscience tells us when we do right, and when we do wrong."

"Then why didn't you say so?" said the tutor. And the lesson is, "Say what you have to say in a few words, and words so plain that all may understand your meaning."

Not long since we heard of a returned missionary who preached a sermon, on Sabbath morning, on "Missions to the Land of Sinim;" and half his hearers did not know what land he meant, till, in the evening, the pastor of the church explained that by "Sinim" he meant "China."

And the story is told of a city minister, who, after preaching for a friend in the country, was told by the latter, "You have given us a very good sermon, with one exception, and that is, you used some words our people don't understand."

The former thought the latter was certainly mistaken, and asked what single word he had used that all could not easily understand.

"Why," replied the other, "You said 'felicity' instead of 'happiness.' Now all our people know what 'happiness' is, but a great many of them, I am sure, do not know the meaning of 'felicity.'"

As the preacher doubted this, the country minister said, "There comes one of our plain, sensible farmers; we will ask him."
And as the farmer came up he said, "We were just speaking about a word—the word 'felicity'; can you tell us what it is meaning?" "Why, yes," said the farmer; "certainly I know what 'felicity' is; it is something inside a pig, though I don't know exactly what!"

Edward Everett once said he had long since found that the great mass of what are sometimes called plain and common people could always understand a speaker if he understood himself and used plain and simple language.—National Baptist.

Only Went Down to Get a Good View.

Violet le Duc, the great architect and writer on art, who lately died at Paris, was also a good landscape painter. While climbing Mount Blanc, on a sketching tour, he slipped and fell, remaining suspended over the brink of a precipice by a rope that attached him to the waist of his guide. The latter's efforts to draw him up were fruitless. Violet le Duc, perceiving that instead of being rescued by the guide, he would only cause the destruction of both, drew a knife from his pocket and cut the rope, preferring to meet a certain death rather than involve his companion in his fall. The guide hastened to the nearest station for assistance. Returning shortly afterward with the expectation of finding a mangled corpse, he discovered the painter seated on a snowy peak, about sixty feet below

the precipice, sketching the abyss in which he had been dangling three hours previously. Violet le Duc had fallen on a bed of fresh snow, and was unhurt.

Bright Things.

A little Parisian mendicant follows a gentleman: "Monsieur, give me just a penny—I'm an orphan by birth!" The definition was worth ten centimes to her.

A French widow is bewailing the recent loss of her husband. "I have at least one consolation," she sobs out, drying her tears: "I know where he spends his nights now."

Tutor—"Your writing is so wretched, sir, that I can't make anything of it. How have you rendered *Cæsar's bonae leges*?" Sub-freshman—"Why, The bonny legs of Cæsar, I believe, sir."

Texas may not pay as much attention to higher education as some of her sister states, but when it comes to teaching young ideas how to shoot with neatness and dispatch, she is concededly without a rival.

Solomon's wisdom was never more apparent than when he warned parents not to lose sight of the rod. Misplaced switches have wrought great evil to the race in these latter days.

One of the old settlers of the Isles of Shoals seeing the name of Psyche on the hull of a yacht, the other day, spelled it out slowly, and then exclaimed: "Well, if that ain't the dumbest way to spell fish!"

It is a touching story that the New Haven *Palladium* tells of a widow's little child who received a reward of merit at school, and ran eagerly to her mother, saying, "I held it up to the sky all the way home, that papa might see what a good girl I had been."

A little girl had been taught by her mother not to say *shall* and *shan't*, but to use some other equivalent. On reciting her Sabbath-school lesson, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," she surprised her teacher by an improved version—"I rather not want."

Instructor in astronomy: "And now, young gentlemen, which of you can tell me the name of the greatest of the planets—the champion planet, so to speak—of our solar system?" Student: "I can, sir: it's Saturn." "And how's that, pray?" "Why, because he carries the belt."

It was a colored preacher who said to his flock, "We have a collection to make this morning, and for the glory of heaven, whichever you stole Mr. Jones' turkeys, don't put any thing on the plate." One who was there says: "Every blessed nigger in de church came down wid de rocks."

These days no one is safe from the charge of plagiarism. B went to church last Sunday (a thing unusual), and, upon being asked his opinion of the clergyman, said, "Oh! his sermon was very good; but the prayer beginning with 'Our Father,' I think he stole entire. I know that I have heard something strangely like it."

"It is quite impossible, you know, to have a high-toned society where there is no aristocracy." "What do you mean by aristocracy?" a lady asked. "Why—aw—you-know; I mean ten thousand people who live anywhere and have nothing to do." "As for that," replied the lady, "we have such a class too; but we call them tramps."

A certain Scotch country minister removed from one parish to another, and on Sunday "exchanged" with his successor in his former charge. At the close of the service an elderly woman inquired what had become of her "ain minister." "Oh, we're exchanging," he replied; "he's with my people to-day." "Indeed, indeed," said the matron, "they'll be gettin' a treat de day."

The Rev. Mr. A— was more prominent in his day for the brilliancy of his imagination than the force of his logic. At one time he was preaching on "The Ministry of Angels," and in the peroration he suddenly observed: "I hear a whisper?" The change of tone startled the deacon who sat below from a drowsy mood, and, springing to his feet, he spoke: "I guess it is the boys in the gallery."

"How dismal you look!" said a bucket to his companion, as they were going to the well. "Ah!" replied the other, "I was reflecting upon the uselessness of our being filled; for let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty." "Dear me, how strange to look at it that way," said the other bucket. "Now I enjoy the thought that, however empty we come we always go away full. Only look at it in that light, and you'll be as cheerful as I am."

Thrift is one of the Iowa virtues. A Davenport clergyman was called upon to marry a couple one night last week. They were nicely dressed, in their twenties, and evidently well-to-do. After the ceremony had been performed the groom thrust his hand in his pocket and fished out three quarters, which he held in the palm of his hand, saying to the minister: "There, take your pay from that!" "Let us see," mused the minister; "the publishing of the marriage notice will cost half a dollar!" "Oh, will it," replied the groom: "well, then, take the whole of it! It ain't much matter, anyway!"

Polite stranger, in a railway station, to deaf old gentleman whom he accidentally hit with his foot. "I beg your pardon, sir." Deaf old gentleman, "Eh?" "I beg your pardon, sir," polite stranger repeats, slightly embarrassed, and in a more elevated tone of voice. Deaf old gentleman (raising his hand to his ear), "I don't quite understand you." "I beg your pardon," roars polite stranger, very much confused, in deaf old gentleman's ear, "I kicked you." Deaf old gentleman (very much surprised), "What for?" "An accident," roars polite stranger. "An accident! Bless me, where?" Polite stranger rushes off, and misses the train.

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Miscellany.

Monsieur Reveillaud and his Pamphlet.

BY LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON, NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.

This pamphlet is "not a work of faith; though it is a work of good faith." Such is the opening sentence of the remarkable publication which is circulating to the number of many thousands in all parts of France, and which represents the new religious movement to the minds of thoughtful and studious persons, as the pungent little tracts of Monsieur Paul Bouchard represent it to the common people, the peasants and the artisans. If the ecclesiastical historian of a future generation, continuing into a new era the thrilling story of French Protestantism, shall have occasion to tell how in the latter part of the nineteenth century "the grand nation" passed over from the list of papal countries to that of Protestant countries, and to tell of the instrumentalities that concurred in this momentous work, he will have to ascribe no small share in it to the pamphlet of 144 pages, 12mo, the first important work of a young lawyer and journalist, Eugène Réveillaud, entitled "The Religious Question and the Protestant Solution."

It is not a work of faith, though it is a work of good faith. The writer is not a believer, though he would fain be one. He belongs to no church. Born and educated in the Catholic church, he early abandoned its pomp and its works. He is what is called a "freethinker." He is one of the great multitude of enthusiasts for freedom of conscience, the progress of the human mind, the honor and glory of his country.

His testimony for Protestantism is spontaneous and disinterested. His book is not for the propagation of a creed, but for the preservation of society.

So, frankly, in his preface the young pamphleteer introduced the sober and weighty words, addressed simply to the patriotism of Frenchmen, in which he advises them, as the one way to deliver France from the moral debasement, the impoverishment, the endless mischievous intrigues in which it is involved by existing relations to the Church of Rome and its clergy, to renounce that church, and at the same time (since no people can exist without some religion) to transfer themselves and their families to the communion of the Protestant church.

It is honorable to the high character of French Protestantism, that it gave at the outset a very hesitating and scanty welcome to converts professing no loftier reasons for their adhesion than these reasons of patriotic expediency, and (to use the French expression) "religious opportunism." Even when it began to enrich its rolls with such names as those of M. Renouvier, and M. Bouchard, and M. Jules Favre, the ministers of the little "persecuted remnant" of the Huguenot church bore themselves with the dignity of men put in trust with the gospel, and declared boldly in sermon and pamphlet that joining one's self to the Protestant party did not make one a Protestant, that this required the sincere conviction of the heart and the work of the spirit of God. And they grew more faithful in setting forth the truth of the gospel, as held by Protestant Christians, before the minds that had been awakened by the appeals of M. Réveillaud and M. Bouchard.

The work of God's Spirit, to which the pastors appealed, was not long in becoming manifest. In July, 1878, four months after the pamphlet of Réveillaud had begun to awaken the thoughts of French patriots, there occurred one Sunday, in the Protestant meeting-house of the city of Troyes a startling and thrilling incident, the story of which, as told by the pastor of the church himself, I condense from "L'ami Chrétien des Familles," in which it is given without mention of name or place. The pastor had been preaching on the dying vision of Stephen, and was preparing to dismiss the congregation, when a young man rose suddenly and came toward the pulpit:

"I turned quickly, and perceived that the intelligent and educated young man who was coming towards me, and whom I well knew, desired to be heard. 'Would you suffer me,' he said, 'to bear witness to the Holy Ghost?' I gave him leave, and standing before the communion table below the pulpit he spoke nearly as follows:

"My brethren, I desire to bear witness to the Holy Ghost, and to declare, with our pastor, that there is an invisible and supernatural world, not known by the senses, but apprehended by faith and heavenly grace. Last night it pleased the Holy Spirit to reveal himself to me and give me that baptism in which, according to the promise of the Scriptures, we become the children of the Father and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ. By this baptism I have been born again, and have put off the old man, with the lusts of the flesh. I feel the grace, the power, the love of God. I have entered into the invisible church of Christ. I am converted. I am saved.

"I was the most unworthy of the children of sin and the world; and when I think of my old life, so corrupt and impure, I wonder that God should deign to make choice of my soul for a temple of the Holy Ghost. Formerly I had nothing but a wish for good, a lively feeling of my misery, with a vague, indefinite desire to make my peace with God and enjoy His favor. I remember that some days ago I expressed in prayer the desire that God would bestow on me the grace of the Holy Spirit. I have been answered a hundred-fold more than I could have dared to hope.

"I fell asleep yesterday in an atmosphere of worldly thoughts, and I do not remember that during the whole day I ever lifted up my heart to God. In the night I had a dream. I thought that I was arguing with a Catholic lady. She said to me: 'Yours is no religion; you believe nothing.' 'What!' said I (still in

my dream), 'believe nothing? On the contrary, we have the same creed with the Catholics; and I went on to repeat to her the Apostles' Creed—I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord,' etc. I continued thus, in my dream, making an effort, sometimes, to remember the words, and my conviction of their truth grew stronger as I proceeded. I came to that part of the creed 'From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead,' when it seemed, as if the earth quaked and a gulf opened, and the stars fell from heaven—as if the last day had come. The impression was instantaneous, and I expected to be swallowed up in the universal convulsion, when I remembered the part of the creed I had recited the moment before, 'I believe in the Holy Ghost.' At this moment it seemed that I was set beyond the open gulf, and that the Holy Ghost took possession of me. 'Saved!' I thought to myself, and I repeated, as if to reassure myself of my salvation, 'I believe; yes, I believe in the Holy Ghost.'

"From that moment I had the assurance that I was no longer dreaming. What followed might have seemed an hallucination, had I not tested it thoroughly and found it to be the conviction of a waking man whose pulse was calm (I counted it, repeatedly) and who was fully conscious of his own personality, knowing himself to be in his room, and perceiving, when he opened his eyes, the light of dawn creeping through the windows.

"As I repeated, still under the influence of the dream and the vision, 'I believe—I believe in the Holy Ghost,' a tender emotion filled my whole being. I had from this moment the persuasion that the Holy Spirit had come to me. I had a perfect feeling of happiness and a most lively impression of the infinitude of the love of God. I repeated the Apostles' Creed from the beginning, and a new meaning seemed to shine out from it and make all its assertions self-evidencing. I was full of deep emotion. I was filled with a rushing flood of divine love. It is impossible to express in words my experience and the happiness it brought."

"I owe to you, my brethren, members with me of this Christian church, the first expression of my new-born and living faith. * * * Glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace, good will toward men! Christ has come to redeem us, to save us, to bear the burden of our sins, to be our ransom before the Father. Christ reigns and has fellowship with us by the Holy Spirit. Oh, love the Lord Jesus; love God, that God may work His work in you, that you may be filled with the grace of the Spirit, and thus may have peace and the communion of the Holy Ghost, joy of heart, and assurance of eternal life."

The utterer of this remarkable confession was none other than Eugène Réveillaud, the brilliant young advocate and journalist who four months before had said, at the opening of his book, "The writer is not a believer, though he would fain be one." With such an avowal he has been set apart to the work of a leader of his people out of darkness and confusion into the light of the gospel.

In the early autumn Mr. Réveillaud is expected in America on a mission to our churches from the Protestants of France. He is a young man—only twenty-nine years old. Born and bred a Catholic, devoted to the priesthood by a pious mother, his conscience early revolted from the teachings of the "petit seminaire." He pursued the course of college education and preparation for the bar with high honor; but has never practiced as an advocate except in political trials and "press trials" in which he has been involved as a journalist. For he was early drawn into the career of journalism.

At the age of twenty-one he was chief editor of "The Tax-payer" (Le Contribuable), and after that, in succession, of several of the foremost provincial papers of France. But from January, 1879, he has devoted all his strength and talents, by pen and tongue, to the evangelization of France. He is one of the foremost of the men who, in every part of France, in theaters, in ball-rooms, in barns, wherever a company of hearers can be gathered, are addressing eager multitudes on liberty and the gospel of Christ. And his little weekly newspaper, Le Signet, one of the best newspapers in France, is the organ and chronicler of this greatest movement in the religious history of our generation.—Congregationalist.

Let the Drink Alone.

Now I say to every abstainer, be you a Christian or not, let the drink alone. Total abstinence is your safety. Are there no men ruined who had grace of God in their hearts? Will you dare to say that every deposed minister never had the grace of God in his heart? Will you tell me that the wife of a minister who spent eight years in China, teaching the Chinese women Christianity, as a devoted Christian, and then came home and delivered lectures to ladies on the wants of women in China, to raise money, not for herself, but for them—will you tell me she had no grace in her heart? And yet she died drunk in the American Mission House, Hanover Street, Boston, and the servant in the next room heard her cry:

"Oh, Christ, have mercy on me! Oh God, for Jesus' sake, save me!" But she died drunk, and the bottle of brandy by her side was only one-third full, though she had brought it full.

I may be getting on delicate topics, but I have to deal with facts, not theories. I have to deal with men and their experiences. I knew a man in whose pulpit I spoke in 1848. Dr. Eddy told me that he was the most eloquent minister, in many respects, that he ever heard. He was the pastor of a very fashionable church. The night I spoke he was to offer a prayer. He was very much intoxicated. Dr. Skinner asked me if I would testify in the case. They were

going to depose this man for drunkenness. I said, "No, I will give no testimony whatever." Still he was deposed, and I know that this doctor of divinity, who had preached the Gospel to thousands for twenty-eight years, stood in a low dram shop, with his face blackened, and a number of degraded and dissolute men jeering him as he stood there and preached some of his old sermons for whisky, to stave off delirium tremens.

Oh, Christian tipplers, beware! Christian dram-drinkers, beware! The thing itself is a moral evil, caused by a physical agency. I could give you fact after fact.

Look at the wrecks of men to be seen on every hand. Oh, young men, I wish I could lift the curtain which conceals from your view the secrets of this charnel house! A man, about forty years ago, I suppose, a graduate of Edinburgh University, came to me and showed me his diploma as a physician. He was quite a linguist and a very cultivated gentleman, but the mark was upon him. I was with him some time, and when he left me he said to me, "I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Gough, for your kindness to me. You have told me the truth, but it's no use. There's no hope for me. Will you shake hands with me? I'm a lost laddie—good-by."

How many lost laddies are there, lost, lost! A living man lost—yes. It's an awful sight to see a living man a lost man, and there are such. I knelt at the family altar with a doctor of divinity in New England in 1852, and I heard him pray. He was the pastor of a large church. To-day he is a drunkard, and employed as a hostler in a stable in Boston. When Mr. Moody was holding his meetings, it was decided to go and see him, and do something for him. What was the result—"Go away from me. You know who I am. You know what I am. You know what I have been. Go away from me. The doctor prescribed it for me to save my life, but he has damned my soul; go away from me!"

Then what shall we do? Our principle of total abstinence is a simple method. It is so simple! What we want is that men and women should adopt it. We ask you, then, to adopt this principle, not only for your own sake but for others. Oh! these men need help. They know that the bitter appetite there like the smoldering ovens of a volcano, ready to be roused by the first dram drunk. Don't tamper with the appetite. Don't think, if you have abstained for ten or more years, that you can drink a little moderately. I remember reading of a gentleman who had a pet tiger. The tiger was in the study one day, and the gentleman's hand was hanging over the chair. The tiger was licking his hand, and on the gentleman attempting to remove it, the animal, with a low growl and snarl, fixed its claws in the gentleman's arm. The tiger stood with its ears thrown back, its tail stretched, and was evidently preparing for the fatal spring. The gentleman, keeping his eyes fixed on the tiger, rang the bell and ordered the servant to bring the pistol, with which he shot the tiger dead. He then looked at his hand and observed blood upon it, the sight and smell of which had aroused the tiger's dormant nature. So it is with the appetite for drink, which is ever ready, like the tiger, to make the fatal spring whenever it is for a moment tampered with.—J. B. Gough.

Preaching in English.

I think some spiritual power is lost by many of our preachers not preaching in the English language. There are half a dozen sets of languages in England, and there is a certain stratum of language which is nearly all Latin, and that happens to be the peculiar lingo of a large number of brethren. Depend upon it, our power over the masses will be in our speaking so that we can be understood. They make fearful blunders over what we say when we speak plainly, but if we use hard words they will not know what we mean. We must try and cut long words right in halves, and when we have done so we must burn the two pieces. Take the common Saxon tongue. "But we should be vulgar," says one. Well, be vulgar. They used to make the sponsors at baptism promise that they would see that the child was instructed in the "vulgar tongue," and we have to make the people comprehend the Gospel, not reverence us for our Latin.—C. H. Spurgeon.

An English farmer says that when he gave his men, in former times, milk and oatmeal as a part of their daily food, they were robust, hardy and enduring; but since these have been changed for tea and coffee—"wretched slops," he contemptuously calls them—the laborers have become pale, out of condition, and cannot perform the tasks of former days easily. Here is a good hint to our own farmers in the way of rations to their workmen, and even themselves. Great Britain cannot compete with us in the production of wheat, but she can produce a much superior quality of oats. Let us exchange products to a certain extent, for mutual benefit. It is a pity we don't abandon fine wheat flour, and eat the whole, ground from the grain, as in grists and Graham bread. Our teeth, bones and muscles would be all the stronger and better for such a change of diet. Corn bread and fat pork—"hog and hominy," vulgarly speaking—is too much the food of our households, especially at the West. This, at least, might be often varied by beef, mutton, poultry, eggs, and bread made from unbolted wheat flour, and all be great gainers thereby in health, strength and endurance.—N. Y. Tribune.

God hath not taken all that pains in forming, and framing, and furnishing, and adorning this world, that they who were made by him to live in it should despise it; it will be enough if they do not love it so immoderately as to prefer it before him who made it.—Clarendon.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

News Summary.

Pacific Coast.

Tax-Collector Tillson has prepared his annual report, showing collections for the fiscal year amounting to \$4,278,919.95. The expenses of the office amounted to \$60,198.67, of which amount the sum of \$46,772.77 was paid for clerical service and \$5,262.87 for books and stationery.

Saturday afternoon J. C. Duncan, who has been confined in the County Jail since July, 1878, on charges of forgery, felony and grand larceny, growing out of the suspension of the Pioneer Bank, was released from custody on \$61,500 bail. There are eight indictments of forgery, one of felony and one of grand larceny against Duncan.

The records show that 1,659 persons have been naturalized in this city the present year. The number will increase each day until the election. More than forty different nationalities are represented in this list, Ireland leading, with Germany close after. The number from Ireland is given at 496, and from Germany at 442.

Assessor Badlam's report shows real estate in this city to the amount of \$164,939,604, and personal property to the amount of \$87,896,000. The aggregate is \$252,835,604. In submitting his report Mr. Badlam states that he is fully convinced that the taxpayers in this city and county are assessed much higher in proportion than the majority of the taxpayers in other counties of the state.

A new cable road is projected to extend from the Market-street ferries to Golden Gate Park, also along Valencia street to Twenty-eighth street. Eventually it is expected to reach the ocean. The work on Market street must all be done between the hours of 1 and 5:30 A.M.—unless the horse-cars discontinue running—and the tracks must be replaced, so that the horses can traverse it next morning.

STATE AND COAST.

A net gain of 718 is shown. In July, 1879, the arrivals were 3,857, and the departures 2,906.

A man who lives near Healdsburg is said to have supported his family and cleared \$400 from five acres of blackberries.

The real estate of California is valued at \$446,273,885, and the personal property at \$118,304,451.

Work on the Normal School building at San Jose is progressing favorably. On Thursday the working force was reduced temporarily from eighty to seventy men.

The Free Library was formally opened last week at San Jose, in the new rooms on Santa Clara street. There are 3,700 volumes on the shelves.

SANTA PAULA, Ventura Co., August 16th.—Rev. J. W. Guiberson, who has held many offices of trust in this state, and who was a pioneer of this county, was bitten by a rattlesnake yesterday at 9:30 A.M., from the effects of which he died at 6 o'clock last night.

The returns of overland travel on the Central Pacific show the following for July:

	Arrived.	Departed.
By sea.....	1,570	1,128
By rail.....	2,656	2,380
Totals.....	4,226	3,508

Eastern.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is reported to have said that a foreigner might well think that the patron saint of America was St. Anniversary.

President Chamberlain, of Bowdoin College, is spoken of as the successor of Hon. Hannibal Hamlin in the United States Senate.

Rhode Island has a population of 276,710, a gain of 59,307, or 27.28 per cent., since 1870. There is a gain in every town but five.

Mr. George Bancroft, the historian, keeps two stenographers at work at Newport this summer, and expects to print in the fall a volume which will bring his history down to 1879.

H. A. Howe, M. A., son of Professor Howe, of the University of Chicago, and late of the Cincinnati Observatory, a brilliant young astronomer, has been engaged by the University of Denver.

The "Christian World," of London, has arranged with Lathrop & Co., of Boston, to introduce their beautiful children's monthly, "The Wide-Awake," to the families and young people of England.

The Boston "Daily Transcript" of July 24 contained a fac-simile of its first paper, issued just fifty years before. It is of four pages, 13 1/2 inches by 9, with three and a half columns of reading matter, and so continued for over eleven years.

The number of cities in the United States having more than 30,000 is greater than in either France, Germany, or Austria. To the 145 such cities in the United States, France has but 101, Germany 97, and Austria 38.

Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick, who has often been generous to the Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Chicago, now offers to give \$50,000 for its endowment, if other friends will give as much. There certainly ought to be no difficulty in securing this amount.

In Utica, N. Y., there are 166 persons eighty years old and over. Of these, 106 are women. It is suggested by an old Utican friend that the use of tobacco makes the difference in the number of old men and old women. The entire population of Utica is 33,000.

Memphis is the only city in the United States that has a less population than in 1860. This might not have been the case had it attended to its sewerage.

Boston will celebrate the 250th anniversary of its settlement by a reception at Faneuil Hall, September 16th, and an oration in the Old South Church the next day.

The Census shows that we have 34 cities with over 50,000 population, 27 with over 60,000, 24 with over 75,000, 20 with over 100,000, 4 with over 500,000, and one with more than a million.

New York, August 16th.—There was frost in the interior river counties last night. At Stamford, Delaware county, ice formed. The temperature there at 6 A.M. was 62 degrees.

RONDONT, N. Y., August 16th.—Tender vegetation was killed by a frost last night, and growing crops of corn and buckwheat were somewhat injured. A stage-driver reports light snow in Stony Cove, Ulster county.

The Baldwin Locomotive Company of Philadelphia sent four of their street railway car motors to the Exposition at Sydney, New South Wales. They were so successful in their operations that they have since received orders for twenty-six more.

The Rev. Samuel Nichols, upon whom the degree of Doctor of Divinity was recently conferred by Williams College, is nearly ninety-three years of age. He was graduated at Yale College in 1811, and, with one exception, is the oldest living graduate of the College, and is the sole survivor of his class.

Foreign.

PARIS, August 14th.—Diamont, manager of the newspaper *Gil Blas*, has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment, and to a fine of 500 francs, for indecent publication.

The very sensible plan is proposed of sending a colonel with Christian literature to the homes of the residents of Northampton, Eng., who elected Mr. Bradlaugh as their representative in Parliament.

Gambetta, by general consent, is given the first place among the orators of France. His enemies entirely listen to him, from pure love of art, and hesitating friends find all scruples swept away by the torrent of his demonstration.

The chairman, manager, and auditor of an English insurance company have been sentenced to hard labor for periods varying from six to eighteen months, for falsifying the company's accounts.

Queen Victoria's journeys between England and Scotland cost Her Majesty nearly £8,000 a year. Two special trains are always run, the second conveying the horses, carriages and servants.

Pope Leo XIII is described as a man of imposing presence, thoroughly regal, free, easy, and confident. He speaks with great dignity and fluency, and with long, almost hexametric, cadence. He gives the impression of being a man of tremendous will, coupled with gentlemanly prudence.

Iron steamers of the largest size are now built at Shanghai, China, by a firm of Scotch shipbuilders. They employ 1,100 Chinese workmen, whose wages are but a few cents each a day, so that although nearly all the material has to be shipped there across the ocean, they are able to build more cheaply than elsewhere.

Elizabeth of Austria is said to be one of the most cultivated sovereigns in the world. She draws beautifully, is a good musician and speaks fluently all the languages of modern Europe. She is fond of literature, and among her attendants has readers in various languages, to whom she enjoys listening. She is not very popular among ladies of the court circle, since she has no taste for small chatter and fashionable amusements. She employs her time with drawing, embroidery, reading, and, last, but not least, in playing with her little daughter, Valerie, of whom she is passionately fond.

PRICES CURRENT.

FINANCIAL.

Silver, \$1.13 1/2 per oz., 1000 fine. Bar silver, 925 fine, 52 1/2 per oz. New York sight drafts, 100% to 100 1/2.

COMMERCIAL.

Flour—Best brands of City Extra, \$5.37 1/2; Super., \$3.50 to 4.00; Bakers' and Family Extra, \$5.12 1/2 to 5.37 1/2; Interior Superfine, \$3.50 to 4.00; Oregon brands extra, \$4.50 to 5.00; Walla Walla extra, \$4.90 to 5.12 1/2.

Wheat—No. 1, \$1.47 1/2 to 1.52 1/2 per cwt.; No. 2, \$1.40 to 1.45.

Barley—Feed, 80 to 85c; Chevalier, \$1.40 to 1.50 for choice bay; brewing, 87 1/2 to 90c per cwt.; Feed, 80 to 85c.

Rye—Coast, \$1.25 to 1.37 1/2 per cwt. Corn—White, \$1.35.

Oats—Coast, \$1.20 to 1.45; Surprise, \$1.50 to 1.60; Wash. Ter. oats, \$1.20 to 1.45.

Feed—Bran, \$12.50; ground barley, \$19.00; middlings, \$17.00; oil cake, \$30.00 per ton.

Hops—35 to 40c per lb. Potatoes—40 to 70c per cwt. in boxes.

Onions—Red, 85c per cwt.; White, \$1.00 to 1.25.

Fruit—Lemons, \$8.00 to 9.00 per box for Sicily; Apples, 50 to 75c per box; Pears, 50 to 75c per box; Blackberries, \$2.25 to 2.75 per chest; Raspberries, \$7.50 to 8.50 per chest; Peaches, 50 to 75c per box; Cantaloupes, \$1.00 to 1.50 per crate.

Vegetables—Cabbage, 50c per cwt.; Cauliflower, \$0.30 to 0.50 per doz.; Turnips, 50c per cwt.; Green Peas, 2 1/2 to 3c per lb.; Asparagus, 50 to 75c per box; Summer Squash, 20 to 25c per box; Green Corn, 5 to 12c per doz.; Egg-plant, 50c per box.

Hay—\$8.00 to 12.00 for all grades. Straw, 40 to 50c per bale.

Wool—Southern 22 to 24 cts. per lb. for free choice Humboldt, 30 to 32 1/2c; Wash. Terr., 25 to 28c; Eastern Oregon choice, 26 to 27c.

Butter—Good to choice, 27 1/2 to 30c; Inferior, 21 to 25c per lb.

Sabbath-School Lesson Notes.

BY REV. J. F. ELLIS.

Lesson for Sunday, August 29, 1880—Gen. xviii: 16-33.

Abraham's Intercession.

INTRODUCTION.

It is no longer Abram, but Abraham. Besides designating persons, names had an independent signification of their own, and were applied to persons to express some real or fancied characteristic or mission. So Abram (father of elevation) was changed to Abraham (father of a great multitude) upon a renewal of the covenant (chap. xvii: 5). At the same time the name Sarai (contentious) was happily changed to Sarah (princess—chap. xvii: 15).

Also, at this same time (between thirteen and fourteen years after the preceding lesson), immediately after the renewal of the covenant and the significant change of Abraham's name, the Lord appointed circumcision as the seal of the covenant (chap. xvii: 10), which, with unhesitating promptness, Abraham enacted that "self-same day" (v. 23).

Shortly after this appointment and institution of circumcision, three strangers appeared before Abraham's tent-door one day, about noon. Very graciously were they received, made welcome and entertained. During the interview, the three strangers proved to be the Lord and two of his angels. Their departure is the beginning of our lesson.

LESSON BRIEF.

Abraham's guests depart.—The doom of Sodom declared to Abraham.—Abraham entreates the Lord to spare the righteous within the city, and in order to this, that the whole city be spared.—The Lord hears, and assures him that, for the sake of ten righteous persons, he will spare the city.—The Lord passes on.—Abraham returns home.

NOTES EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL.

(V. 16) *The men.* The Lord and two angels appearing as men (v. 22, and chap. xix: 1; also, Heb. xiii: 2). *Went with them*—Not to show them the way, but as an act of hospitality (Acts xv: 3).

(V. 17) *The Lord said:—Aside or apart to the angels, probably, though it may have been to himself. Shall I hide.* (Amos iii: 7; John xv: 15). *Which I do*—Which I am about to do.

(V. 18) *Become a great and mighty nation.*—One of the reasons why the doom of Sodom should be revealed to Abraham. It was but proper that Abraham, as the father of a nation, should know how the Lord would deal with wicked cities and nations. *All the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him.*—Another reason. Abraham had been called to a dignity that made it proper for the Lord to tell him his awful purpose.

(V. 19) *Command his children.*—A third reason. Abraham would himself live a godly life, and see to it that his children and his entire household kept him company, or followed in his footsteps. Such a man shall know the mind of the Lord.

(V. 20) *The Lord said.*—Tells him now of the destruction of Sodom and neighboring cities.

(V. 21) *Go down now.*—Speaking after the manner of men (Gen. xi: 5; Ex. iii: 8), not that he was in the least ignorant of the state of things.

(V. 22) *Abraham stood yet before the Lord.*—This was after the Lord had declared his purpose and the angels had started on toward Sodom, which they reached that same evening (chap. xix: 1).

There is a revelation of God's character here, wonderfully and thrillingly gracious. He did not abruptly leave after telling Abraham that Sodom must be overthrown. He saw how it stirred and distressed and burdened Abraham. He saw that there was a great desire on the patriarch's heart, and he tarried with him alone, that he might make free utterance. Surpassingly kind and condescending is our God, that now in every place he waits to be entreated of his earthly children.

(V. 23) *Drew near.*—His suit was too vital to be pressed from a distance. He so trusted God, and his heart was so full, that he must come near. The secret of prevailing prayer was his. What wonder that God was so moved while he begged for the city! So if we are borne near to God by our wants he will not deny us. It is prayer then, and he hears (Heb. x: 22). *Righteous with the wicked.*—Abraham was profoundly sensible of a distinction of deserts which must somewhere be made between good and bad. See a similar exhibition of this conviction, in Numbers xvi: 22.

(V. 24) *Fifty righteous.*—How greatly he overestimated. It may be well to remember that while one righteous man was unexpectedly found by Abraham, viz., Melchizedek, not one outside of Lot's house dwelt in all the city of Sodom. (Read Ezekiel, xxii: 30.)

(V. 25) *Do right.*—This man of marvelous faith had also a grand sense of right. He could not divest himself of the conviction of the inherent injustice of treating good and bad alike.

(V. 26) *If I find.*—The Lord was on his way to examine and see for certain. There is no hearsay conclusion with him, and no haphazard judgment (Isa. x: 22; Jer. v: 1). *I will spare.*—This is the blessed God and Father in heaven, in whom we trust so sweetly, whom we love so measurelessly, whom we praise so gladly. All the city will be saved for the sake of fifty righteous persons. We will not vainly boast, but we may rejoice with assurance that our land and cities are full of churches and Sunday-schools and religious papers. Yet we must not forget that more is required of our land and cities than of Sodom and the plain of Jordan (Matt. xi: 24).

(Vs. 27-32) "Six times he asks, and with so great ardor and such urgent desire that in the overmuch interest with which he pleads for the miserable cities

he seems to talk foolishly, as it were." (Luther.)

(V. 33) *Left communing with Abraham.*—This is prayer where the spirit of man rises into intercourse with the spirit of God. Prayer is not a human heart crying out into the silences, nor alone calling to the listening ear of God; rather it is communion. God is not merely a silent listener. He enters into our case, and by subtle and blessed response, gives us joy and peace and satisfaction inexpressible. That is prayer. O Lord, teach us all to pray.

THE GRAND LESSON.

Is, that the mighty God, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, condescends to meet faithful souls here in this world, and is moved and sweetly persuaded by heartfelt, reverent, urgent expression of their desires.

Facts seem to show that the whole peninsula of Michigan is connected by underground channels with its surrounding lakes. Very deep lakes abound in all parts of the State without any perceptible outlet; strange fishes have been imported to stock these lakes, and have shortly been found in others, and others have sprung a leak and are disappearing, as if the bottom had dropped out. Doubtless these inland lakes are connected by channels with each other as well as larger bodies of water near, and facts seem to prove that the upper lakes are connected with Lake Ontario by deep unknown channels.

It is stated by a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* that the deaths by suicide among Europeans annually amount to sixty thousand, or at the rate of about one in every five thousand of the population, and that suicides have been rapidly increasing in all parts of Europe for the last hundred years. The writer says that self-destruction is now five times greater than it was a century ago.

Died.

SNYDER.—In this city, August 13th, William E. Snyder, a native of New York, aged 40 years.

Publishers' Department.

Entered at the Postoffice at San Francisco as second-class matter.

From the Living Epistle, an Evangelical Monthly, Edited by Rev. H. J. Bowman, Cleveland, Ohio. September, 1879.

MANUAL OF THE EXANTHEMATIC METHOD OF CURE.—This is the name of a medical book, by Dr. J. Linden, of this city. The 14th edition of this work is before us, with over 300 pages of useful instructions respecting this method of cure. In addition to this, the author has published a small book of testimonials that are not only astonishing, but really interesting, especially one connected with a letter from Jerusalem, which gives a fine historical account of that sacred city, and the land to which it belongs.

But we cannot speak of these books without making favorable mention of the method of cure which they teach and advocate. We believe we are only doing the public a favor by saying we have found the use of this remedy, in our own experience, a grand success. Twelve years ago we first made a trial of it, and, on account of the benefits derived from it in certain ailments, we have not felt safe without having it at our command almost constantly.

For further information, address Dr. J. Linden, 414 Prospect Street, Cleveland, O., who will send the little book above mentioned free of charge to any address.

The above has been written without any solicitation from any one interested in the business. It is our own voluntary testimony.

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE Contains, as usual, a rich treat of literature for home reading. Among the prominent articles are "Life and Love in Bavaria," "Florence the Beautiful," "The Benedictines," "Peter Paul Rubens," "The Bishop and Cathedral of Truro," etc. etc. Among the noteworthy poems is "The Church Month," by Frances Ridley Havergal. The present number is alike remarkable for the abundance, variety and excellence of the contents, literary and artistic. Sold at the low price of 25 cents a copy, or \$3 per annum, post-free. There are in each number 128 quarto pages, and there is certainly in this one over 100 engravings. Address, Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 53, 55, and 57 Park Place, New York.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—In purchasing canned goods, pickles, jellies and preserves, it is wise to bear in mind that the manufacturers of C. James King of Wm. & Co. are the best and the cleanest. An inspection of their premises, corner Broadway and Sansome Sts., convinces one of this at first sight; and the fact that only white labor (girls and women) is employed, is known as extensively as the fact that they are the only establishment on this continent that has ever been awarded a gold medal for hermetically sealed goods.

The McShane Bell Foundry have just issued a large illustrated circular. On the title page is a representation of the medal awarded them at the Paris Exposition. The second page (cover) illustrates the great chime of bells exhibited at the Centennial. There is a list of church bells made and sold by this establishment, arranged by states. This is most important for those intending to purchase bells, as they can easily refer to the bells sold in their state and vicinity, and thus satisfy themselves that the McShane bells give satisfaction. The large number of bells sent to New York, Ohio and other states, China, South America, Canada, British Possessions, &c., indicates the great demand for these bells.—*Baltimore American.*

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STANDS PRE-EMINENT and commands the HIGHEST PRICE. It will be appreciated by those seeking the BEST, and is not offered at a competing price with any other sewing machine, all others being of inferior finish and having none of its NEW and VALUABLE PRINCIPLES. We have made a GREAT REDUCTION in the prices of our OLD STYLE TENSION MACHINE, thus enabling any one desiring simply a low-priced machine to get the BEST TENSION MACHINE for the least money.

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HELPS BY THE WAY.

A packet of six elegant cards, in the finest style of art, each 4 1/4 by 5 1/2 inches, with texts. 30 cts.

WORDS FOR THE WEARY ONES. Same size as the last, with selections in poetry suited for those in trouble. Six cards. 30 cts.

WAYSIDE GLEANINGS. Twelve cards in entirely new style, chaste and beautiful, combining the softness of the crayon and the beauty of steel engravings. Cannot fail to please. 4 1/4 by 5 1/2 inches; 25 cts.

GEMS OF THE SEASON. A packet representing the different seasons beautifully printed, with fitting texts. 4 1/4 by 5 1/2 inches. Twelve cards; 25 cts.

JEWELS. Twelve most attractive floral cards with texts. 3 1/4 by 2 inches; 20 cts.

RUBIES. Packet of finely embossed cards, bright and taking. Twelve cards with twelve designs. 2 1/4 by 1 1/4 inches; 15 cts.

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1810 SEVENTIETH 1880
Annual Statement

—OF THE—

HARTFORD

Fire

INSURANCE COMPANY,

—OF—

HARTFORD, CONN.

Capital, \$1,250,000.00.

ABSTRACT OF STATEMENT, Jan. 1, 1880.

ASSETS.

Cash on hand, in Bank, and Cash Items,	\$364,191.36
Cash in hands of Agents, and in course of transmission,	241,695.57
Rents and Accrued Interest,	31,876.72
Real Estate Unencumbered,	630,175.60
Loans on Bond and Mortgage (first lien),	773,324.40
Bank Stock (market value),	969,811.00
Railroad Stocks,	117,800.00
State, City and Railroad Bonds,	326,654.25
United States Bonds,	273,492.00
Total,	\$3,456,020.90

SUMMARY.

Reserve for Re-insurance,	\$1,110,629.26
All Outstanding Claims,	159,992.46
Net surplus as regards policy-holders over all liabilities,	2,185,399.18
Total,	\$3,456,020.90

Geo. L. Chase, President.
J. D. Browne, Secretary.